











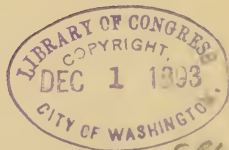
ALBERT THEODORE GOODLOE,
FIRST LT. CO. D, THIRTY-FIFTH ALABAMA VOLUNTEERS, C. S. A., 1863.

SOME REBEL RELICS

FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.

✓
BY ALBERT THEODORE GOODLOE,
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Volunteer Infantry, C. S. A.*

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DEDICATION.

To my beloved wife, the brave, wise, and good woman to whom I was wedded November 29, 1855, who, though grieved immeasurably at my departure from her for the war, and having to endure the severest trials of her life in my absence, never undertook in any way to hold or call me back from our country's defense, but gave her consent, rather, for me to be a soldier, while she faithfully and constantly did what she could to protect our children, our home, and our financial interests until the war was over;

And to my comrades in arms, who, having fought heroically for the principles of right, still maintain their convictions and the spirit of manhood which characterized them as Confederate soldiers, these "Rebel Relics" are especially and most affectionately dedicated.

A. T. GOODLOE.



INTRODUCTORY STATEMENTS.

NOTHING was farther from my mind throughout my boyhood and early manhood days than the thought of going to battle, my very dreams of war being oppressive and frightful; and there is no probability that any occasion other than the one that did occur could ever have induced me to volunteer for military service. To Abraham Lincoln, who inaugurated and perpetuated the bloody era of our country, as Confederates all believed, is due the credit of my becoming a soldier. His original call for seventy-five thousand troops to subdue "the rebellion," so called, not only transformed me from a Unionist into a Secessionist, but also engendered within me the warrior spirit. I was never as brave as I wished to be, but I fought him with what of courage and vehemence I could command, because he placed before me the alternative, as I understood him, of becoming his bond-servant, or of defying his self-constituted authority at the point of the bayonet.

That I did rebel against such authority as Mr. Lincoln assumed, and defy his armies on the field without reference to cost, I not only do not regret, but consider that occasion was thus furnished me for

great personal gratification. I regard, indeed, this act of mine as not only altogether justifiable in every sense, but as constituting the most momentous and loftiest movement of my life or that is possible to any man. To have been a Confederate soldier in the true sense is to have done the sublimest thing that could have been done. The children of Confederate soldiers rise up and call them blessed, as will also the generations which are, in succession, to follow.

Having kept a diary, though in brief form, during my term of military service, I have, ever since the war, felt under obligations to my family and comrades in arms to put to record in readable form the incidents and events therein briefly noted, and to present the several aspects, etc., of army life as they came under the observation and within the experience of a Rebel soldier. To do this work effectually and to exhibit these relics which I present in their true light to those who may view them, I must needs put on again, as it were, the Confederate gray and pass through the scenes, in my mind, which in reality I heretofore did; and I must employ the dialect also, to which we were accustomed in time of war. It is hardly possible, indeed, for me to do otherwise; as my army diary, the record of a Rebel's hand while in the fight, furnishes the material, in the main, which I would now reduce to order. If I write at all of these matters, I must use such language as to do exact jus-

tice as nearly as possible to the real spirit and genius of the Rebel soldiery and bring fully and fairly to view the things of which I write.

As to the propriety of such a production as this at this remote period from the war, it will be considered by some that such a publication is a mistake, as being calculated to arouse afresh the animosities of other days. This need not be the case, and is not likely to be among fair-minded and intelligent people, even on the other side of the Ohio River; but, be that as it may, must we fail, for fear of offending supersensitive saints, to show to our offspring and to the world at large what we undertook and what the significance of the undertaking was in all its bearings; and thus allow all who so desire to see through our eyes what came before our vision in our efforts to establish our national independence.

I do not undertake to state the origin and developments of campaigns, and I simply allude to, without attempting to describe, the battles in which the command to which I belonged was engaged, not to speak of what other commands did on the field. While in the battle my observations were confined mainly to my individual company and the enemy in our immediate front; so that I could not, if I would, tell, of my own knowledge, what transpired on other parts of the field. My desire is rather to speak of the minor affairs of the war, as some would probably call them,

and to make conspicuous the Rebel soldier of the ranks; noting also, to be sure, such impressions and sentiments as he experienced and such facts as came within the range of his observation.

As to method in presenting these relics to the public, the reader must ascertain for himself, if he can, what the arrangement is. I simply tell things as I come to them and in the familiar way that I would talk of the war in the home circle conversation. This much, however, may be said as to the matter of arrangement: Having first spoken of various aspects, incidents, etc., of the war, as seen from my standpoint, and given expression to some views of mine, which I consider proper and pertinent, I finally enter into a somewhat elaborate statement of the religious exercises and movements in our army, wherein many soldiers took part, and from which we derived unspeakable benefit. With an account of the Christian labors and the work of divine grace among us, I close these "Rebel Relics."

SOME REBEL RELICS.

CHAPTER I.

BEFORE the "fall of Donelson," February 16, 1862, I, with most others in the South, did not believe it needful for men having families to enlist in the Confederate army, except those who, having some military knowledge, were capable of commanding, the general impression among us being that Lincoln's Yankee invaders could be driven back without them; and so, being a man of family, I did not determine to enlist until that occurrence took place. That disaster convinced me that every man in the South who could possibly do so ought to join the army as an effective fighting soldier, and I at once began to make arrangements to enlist for the war, let that be long or short.

My home at that time was in Wilson County, Tennessee, thirteen miles from

Nashville, on the Cumberland River, where I supposed it would not be safe to leave my family; but thinking they would be forever out of reach of the Yankees in Franklin (now Colbert) County, North Alabama, I took them to the home of my uncle, J. Calvin Goodloe, living in that county.

Upon reaching my Uncle Calvin's I learned that a regiment of volunteer infantry was being organized at La Grange, and I enlisted in that as soon as I could get my business affairs arranged, which was not long after. It was the Thirty-fifth Alabama Regiment, and I became identified with Company D, known also as Mollie Walton Guards, as a private. Some months afterward I was made fifth sergeant, and on September 24, 1862, I was elected third lieutenant. Shortly after this I was promoted to second lieutenant, and on December 10, 1862, I became first lieutenant, which position I held to the close of the war. I had never met but very few members of the regiment before I joined it, but I did not feel that I had cast my lot among strangers, for the

spirit of devotion to our Southland bound us together as comrades in a holy cause. I was then a class leader in the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, my ministry not having begun until 1868.

Col. J. W. Robertson had command of the regiment, not yet entirely filled out, and it was being drilled from day to day, preparatory to active service. It was not contemplated that it would leave La Grange until its organization was completed and it was equipped for service; but before this was done it was learned that the Yankees, already threatening that section of country, had found out our location and condition, and were developing plans for our capture, which made it necessary for us to seek safer quarters as promptly as possible.

Very hurriedly we left La Grange late Monday evening, April 14, 1862, without equipage of any kind, except that there were a few old guns and cartridges in Company B. We took the Russellville road, and marched till 9 o'clock at night, when we reached Spring Creek and went into

camp. Here quite a serious accident occurred to young Spivey, one of the soldiers. His gun was accidentally discharged, and wounded his arm so badly that Dr. Sanders had to amputate it. The next day we went on to Cedar Creek, our second encampment for the night.

Having a horse (Mike) with me, which I had expected to send back to Uncle Calvin's from La Grange, but which Col. Robertson preferred me not to do just then, he being needed for scouting purposes, I was directed to ride a mile or two in the rear of the regiment, so as to give the alarm if pursuing Yankees were seen, which was to be done by making Mike outrun them to the regiment, which, doubtless, he would have been fully capable of doing under the circumstances.

Late in the night at Cedar Creek two members of the regiment who were not at La Grange when we started overtook us and brought information that the Yankee cavalry were in pursuit of us, and were then at Newburg, a few miles beyond Rus-

sellville. Four others who could be mounted and myself were hurried off at once (2 o'clock A.M., April 16), to find them if we could, and to report promptly the actual state of affairs to Col. Robertson. One of this scouting party was Rev. Robert A. Wilson, chaplain of the regiment, and a member of the Tennessee Conference, Methodist Episcopal Church, South. The others besides myself were Felton, Isaac L. Pride, and Russell. I regret that I have not at hand the given names of Felton, who acted as captain, and Russell. Back to Russellville we went speedily, where one of the party was left to make observations, and then on to Newburg and beyond, but no Yankees could be found. While this military performance was being enacted with vigor and relish the regiment was marching to Burlerson, across Big Bear Creek, which was considered a place of security, and which place it reached the same day. Here Col. Robertson decided to hold the regiment until he could get instructions from army headquarters as to the command we were

to report to,* unless those everlasting Yankees should threaten us again; which indeed they proceeded to do, according to report, quite soon.

Saturday, April 19, a very rainy day, a rumor reached Col. Robertson that the Yankees had scented us again, and were marching in pursuit of us by way of Frankfort, and Brother Wilson and I were dispatched to that place to ascertain the facts in the case, while the regiment was put in motion for Corinth, Miss., the seat of war in the Mississippi Department. We then entered upon a novel experience as a Methodist preacher and class leader. We were to act upon the principle that "all things are fair in war," so far as deceiving the enemy was concerned. Our ride to Frankfort was interesting indeed. We were instructed to spread the report through the citizens along our route, that the Yankees might get it, that the regiment was well armed and heavily reënforced, and that the combined force was in motion to clean out North Alabama of Yankees; and with great care we fulfilled our mission. There

was intense excitement everywhere we went, everybody expecting the Yankees to pounce upon them at any moment. We would allay their fears with deceptive statements about the strength and movements of our command, and they would spread the "good news" like wildfire. Under pretense of wanting water, we would call at houses in order to get a favorable opportunity to deliver our message of joy to the inmates. I could not but feel sorry for them as we rode off, as I thought how effectually we had deluded them. We arrived at Frankfort early in the afternoon, and found a large crowd in the courtyard looking down the Tuscumbia road, expecting to see the approaching Yankee column every minute. Seeing us as we rode on the square from the opposite direction, and not knowing who we were, they instantly faced about, and exclaimed, taking us for Yankees: "Yonder they come from another direction!" Recognizing Judge Trimble on the street, a former acquaintance of mine, I made myself known to him, and got such information from him as we needed. I

also loaded him well with the glad tidings that we had ample facilities for swabbing the ground with every Yankee in that region. This delighted him very much, and as he knew me to be perfectly reliable, he reproduced my statements with confidence to others. I have wondered what he thought of me for taking so much pains to tell what was not so, supposing that he afterward learned that our regiment, neither reënforced nor armed, was at that time hurrying to Corinth with all possible speed. We had now gone as far as and done all that we were instructed to do, and from here we turned back to overtake our command. Whether we were instrumental in diverting the Yankees from their supposed pursuit of the regiment or not we never knew, but we heard no more of their hanging about us, and we marched on to Corinth without molestation, reaching there Wednesday, April 23, 1862.

As we rode along, fulfilling the mission upon which we were sent, Brother Wilson and I talked it over from the standpoint of the moral law, and settled the question

that it was right to prevent the capture of our men if possible by deceiving the enemy as far as we could, though it be done through the medium of other parties; and especially as we were acting under instructions from a superior officer in time of war. From that time on I never had any hesitancy in deceiving and misleading Yankee soldiers when an opportunity afforded to do so.

On this scout, so to speak, I became intimately acquainted with our chaplain, and formed an attachment for him which will go on into eternity. He was a true man of God, and did all that he could while with us to promote the spiritual interests of the soldiers. He had the spirit of consecration to the Master's service, and preached for us and mingled among us as a devout and sincere man of God. Of him and his work other mention will be made hereafter.

The day before our regiment reach Corinth we were at Jacinto, Miss., where we had camped the night before, and there elected our field officers, it being thought best that we report to army headquarters as an

organized command, rather than as several companies being led by a nominal colonel, though recognized by all as our colonel. We elected as colonel J. W. Robertson; lieutenant colonel, Ed Goodwin; major, Hunt, whose given name I cannot recall. They were professors in La Grange College, I understood, and had much to do in having the regiment made up. Hunt soon transferred to the Virginia army; Robertson after awhile went into another department of service; and later on Goodwin died. As these parted from us others took their places, and we had Ives as colonel; Ashford, lieutenant colonel; and Dickson, major.

Up to April 25, 1862, it was my purpose to become identified with Company I, to help fill it out, but then it was thought that there was no probability of it being filled out, and so it was, for the time at least, disbanded, and I went at once over to Company D, heretofore mentioned. This was my company for the war, the name of which is ever melodious to my ear. It was made up mostly in Limestone County, Ala., and was taken out

by Dr. W. T. Sanders, who, however, did not remain with it long, preferring the surgical department.

We reached Corinth at a time when the army seemed to be undergoing reorganization under Gen. Bragg, and there was much appearance of confusion. We were first broken up as a regiment, and the companies divided out among other regiments, which distressed us very much, and caused universal regret that we did not report to some other commander rather than Gen. Bragg. If talking about people makes their ears burn, we surely set his on fire. There is no telling how many "blessings" he got, nor in what shapes. But April 30, 1862, came, and it was definitely determined that we, having been gathered together again April 26, and assigned temporarily to Gardner's Brigade, be permanently attached to Preston's Brigade, of Breckinridge's Division. Then we had no further fault to find with Bragg. We were with splendid soldiers, and we were highly pleased with our generals. We had no choice as to commands, however, only

wishing to maintain our organization as a regiment.

We were with Preston and Breckinridge, as brigade and division commanders, until after the battle of Baton Rouge, August 5, 1862. Not long after that Rust and Lovell, brigadier and major generals were in command in their stead, and were with us at the battle of Corinth, October 3, 4, 1862. Subsequent to that a short time Gen. Buford was our brigade commander, and Gen. Loring our division commander; but Buford after awhile transferred to the cavalry service, and Col. Scott, of the Twelfth Louisiana Regiment of our brigade, being the ranking colonel, succeeded him. We were longest and best known as Buford's Brigade, and even after Scott's promotion it was difficult for our brigade to change its name. An army dispensation for a lodge of Masons was procured, and this was named "Buford Lodge;" our Christian Association also was named the "Christian Association of Buford's Brigade;" and these names were never changed. It is worth while to say, however,

that after Hood's campaign into Middle Tennessee, in which the magnificent army turned over to him by President Davis was almost destroyed, we could hardly be said to be in command of any particular officer. What was left of the army was in scattered and shattered fragments; and these, being thrown together in different shapes from time to time, were under the ranking officers at hand. Well, the fragments were turned over to Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, from whom the original army had been taken, just before the final battle of Bentonville, and we began to assume some form and comeliness, but then the war was virtually at an end.

We were satisfied in the main with our commanding generals of all ranks, though we did not think Pemberton, the ranking officer at the battle of Baker's Creek, and Hood competent to be department commanders, and I have several notes in my diary of dissatisfaction with Gen. Scott. To be sure he was our brigade commander during the severe campaigns in Georgia and Tennessee, under Johnston first and then Hood, but we

could not feel that he was such an officer as we were entitled to on such campaigns as those. His connection with an incident with which I also was connected, and of which I will here make mention, was certainly not creditable to him as a comrade in arms with those in his command, not to speak of any other estimate which could legitimately be put upon his conduct not favorable to him. While Hood was on the eve of giving up Atlanta, I was commanding our picket line on the left, Companies C and G of our regiment being at that time under my more immediate command, owing to a recent consolidation of companies. On a ridge beyond our picket line, and separated from us by a narrow valley or bottom, the Yankee column was moving southward to flank Hood on the left. The dark cloud of calamity was fast thickening about us, and eventful scenes were transpiring which were surpassingly momentous. August 20, 1864, I sent forward from our picket line two "boys" of my immediate command, Rufus Hafley and Milton Gray, to watch the movements of the Yankees and

note the size of their column. They were gone but a short while until they came back with a mounted Yankee officer, James Coughlan, first lieutenant, and aid-de-camp to Gen. Cox. They had just managed to secrete themselves from the enemy, and sufficiently near to them to make careful observations, when Coughlan—a Kentucky Yankee, by the way—rode past them to try and get a view of our position. At the opportune moment Hafley and Gray rose up from their hiding place, then in his immediate rear, and, with their guns pointing at him, marched him quickly to where I was. He had the appearance of having been well raised by Christian parents, but was the loneliest-looking Yankee I ever saw. He thought of his mother at once, who I understood him to say was a widow, and who would be in great grief when she heard of his being lost from his command, thinking that he had been killed. He said that if he could only get a message to his command, and through it to his mother, that he was only a prisoner, and not slain, it would be great satisfaction to him. In this

we gratified him at once, my Rebel boys agreeing to go in speaking distance of his command, and tell them of his whereabouts. This mission they performed as neatly as they did his capture, and him we sent to the rear, disarming him of course.

Coughlan's equipment consisted in part of a pair of field glasses and a sword. His captors were more than pleased for me to have the sword, which was surrendered to me, and they wished to keep the glasses. Upon hearing of this capture, and that we had these articles in possession, Gen. Scott set to work to get possession of them—the glasses for himself, and the sword for his adjutant general. He ordered that they be delivered to his ordnance officer for valuation, that he might take them at the price put upon them, taking advantage of a supposed military law that what is captured in battle belongs to the government, and if disposed of must be done so through government appraisers. By this device he possessed himself of the glasses, which he carried away with him after the battle of Franklin. These he got from the

boys who took them, but I refused to send up the sword to the ordnance department.

This note appears in my diary Tuesday, September 13, 1864: "I received to-day a written 'special order' from Gen. Scott to deliver to his ordnance officer, the bearer of the special order, the sword surrendered to me by Yankee Lieut. Coughlan, A. D. C., etc., August 20, for the purpose of having it valued, and with the intention, on his part, of getting it for his adjutant general. This order I positively refuse to obey until I am assured by the bearer of it that I myself will be allowed to take it at valuation; and then, declining to deliver it to him, I take it up myself. The Board of Appraisers value it, and I agree to pay the valuation, when Ordnance Officer Boring (for this is his name), being posted by Scott, from all appearances, gets it in his hand, and refuses to give it back to me. This is more than I can stand. My wrath gets the better of me, and I turn upon him such a volume of abuse that he is glad to let me take the sword to secure my departure from his presence." I had no fur-

ther trouble about the sword, except that I felt the need of repenting before the Lord, which I did, for having given the rein to my temper on this occasion.

The only chance to recover the glasses was through the war department at Richmond. To this I made my complaint and appeal in due form, and confidently believe I would have succeeded after so long a time, had not our military affairs been thrown into inextricable confusion so soon after that.

This is one of the relics of the war which I record with much hesitancy, from the fact that I love every Rebel, so called, who took up arms against the invasion of our Southland, and dislike to say anything to injure the character of any of them; and yet these incidents give an insight into some of the aspects of army life which ought to be brought to view.

As to Gens. Pemberton and Hood, made mention of as not being so popular with us as other officers of their rank, their names and exploits have long since gone into the history of the "lost cause." They threw

away two splendid armies; and their blunders were of such a nature as seemed to result from recklessness rather than reason. The army which Pemberton took into the Vicksburg deadfall, where Loring refused to carry his division, was not a large one, but no braver troops ever went to battle. The army which Hood broke to pieces was the flower of the Confederacy when it was taken from Joseph E. Johnston and given to him. These two generals, Pemberton and Hood, we were accustomed to call, while under them, "Jeff Davis's pets," but possibly we did both them and Davis an injustice in so doing.

CHAPTER II.

THERE was no mistaking the temper of the Confederate army at Corinth when the Thirty-fifth Alabama Regiment reached there, April 23, 1862. The great battle of Shiloh had but recently been fought, where so many of their gallant comrades had fallen, but the survivors here encamped were as brave and defiant as they ever were, and as ready for battle as though they had never known its horrors. Besides various minor engagements, the fight at Farmington Friday, May 9, gave the enemy to understand that they were confronted by foemen whose valor was only intensified by their reverses. At Farmington the invaders were utterly outdone and routed, throwing away knapsacks and other accouterments as they sought to escape from the yelling Rebels.

On this battle ground, after the fight was over, Dr. I. F. Delony, a very particular

friend of mine and member of our regiment, picked up and gave to me a very nice pocket Bible. An inscription on it showed that it belonged to a Yankee soldier from Illinois named Scott, and that it was given to him by his mother. It was excellently bound in red leather, and as it was of more convenient size for carrying in my pocket, I made use of it mainly instead of mine. I read it through several times, and often wished that I had some way of conveying it to the owner. When the war was over, I addressed a letter to him to the post office given in the book, receiving no reply. About twenty-two years afterward my oldest son, to whom I had given the Bible, learned by correspondence with the postmaster in Illinois that he was at Lone Oak, Tex., and sent it to him. He wrote letters to my son and myself, expressing his great satisfaction at its return; and I am sure that we were fully as glad that he had received it. He was one of Schofield's soldiers.

It seemed that a general engagement was imminent the whole time we were at Cor-

inth, but up to the time that the army left there, May 29, 1862, no great battle was fought. We were several times in line of battle for a general onset, and there was much skirmishing first and last; but the Farmington fight, which was not an extensive one, was the largest battle that took place during our stay there. We believed then, and I believe now, that had the Yankees been as ready of mind for a fight as we were, we would have joined battle any day; but they still stood in terror of Rebels, notwithstanding the important advantages they had recently gained over us. They knew also that it took two or three of their soldiers to whip one of ours, and that then it was uncertain on a fair, open field. This is not mere boasting, for on several occasions they were routed with less than half their numbers when the field was open, and never did they drive a Confederate army with fewer men than were in it. How could they fight as the Confederates did, when the highest motives that prompted them in the main were of a mercenary and spiteful sort; when

the Confederates were standing for their inalienable rights of property, country, and home? The love of country may have moved some of them to take up arms against us, but who does not know that had this been the only incentive allowed in the formation of a Yankee army to enlist for our subjugation, scarcely a corporal's guard, so to speak, could have been drummed up, and that there would have been no further dream of war? We are not to cultivate bitterness of feeling, nor indeed to allow it, toward the inveterate foes of the Southern people, but the facts are not so much as in the field of controversy, that the typical Yankee soldier meant to despoil us of our possessions, to wrench from us our rights of every kind, and to mercilessly degrade us to the utmost possibility within his power.

The spirit which impelled the typical Yankee soldier southward for our subjugation is the same which has dominated one of the great political parties of the country ever since our surrender. These virulent foes of ours have never been satisfied that they

only robbed us of our estates which we held under the laws of the government from which they would have us not depart, and destroyed our nationality; they want us to kiss the hand that smote us, and to follow in their wake in all things—political, educational, religious, and what not. They would have us to have no convictions nor consciences of our own, but to be in abject servitude to the dictates of theirs. They hate us since the war because, though overcome by their armies, vastly outnumbering ours, we act the part of freemen having the rights of citizenship. And but for the noble Democracy of the North our people would be hectored over perpetually by Republican satraps of the most venomous and vindictive kind, until their rule could no longer be tolerated, and another deluge of blood would come upon our Southland. All honor to the noble Northmen who have ever given us the right hand of fellowship since we laid down our arms and have constantly withstood the flood tide of hate that would overwhelm us! Whatever may be the questions at issue

among the political parties of the day (I write January 29, 1892), the one which overshadows all the rest is: Shall the people of the South be as free as those of the North? Democracy says they shall; Republicanism says they shall not. There is no cry that can rally the cohorts of Republicanism like that of "Crush out the Southern traitors!" A lying epithet; but all the better suited, for that reason, to their purposes.

We may not write of the war from our standpoint, nor tell of the heroism of our fallen braves, as we decorate their graves, without incurring the wrath of our never wearying pursuers, and being stigmatized as Rebel villains of whom the government should rid itself *instante*. With the Northern Democrat, however, we may stand by our convictions and our war record and still be loyal citizens. He may not applaud all our utterances, and may indeed dispute some of them, but he does appreciate the spirit of manhood that moves us to honor the cause for which we fought and the comrades who fell by our sides. He cares not that we love

the fallen Confederacy, because he knows that in good faith we laid down our arms, and that we are as true to a reunited country as though we had never seceded. He knows that we have no thought of reëstablishing the Confederacy, and that we could not if we would.

I am not trying to convey the idea, as will be readily perceived, that the Democratic party, as a political organization, is immaculate; nor do I mean to speak in any sense from the standpoint of a political partisan. As to politics, I was a Whig until that party ceased to exist, and am now fully persuaded in my own mind that the Democracy of to-day, as well as that of other days, has many sins to atone for. But in the time of imminent need and peril it became our only bulwark of security against the wrathful onslaught of our would-be destroyers; and so as one who could not but see that the humiliation or destruction of himself, his offspring, and his countrymen was determined upon by our Republican adversaries, I turn with grateful heart to our timely deliverer, the

National Democracy, regarding it in this one light, without respect to what constitutes its platform of principles in other particulars.

As the ruling idea of Republicanism is to "put black heels on the necks of Southern whites," so the ruling idea of Democracy is to protect us against so dire a calamity; so that, as a matter of self-preservation and necessity, we take refuge in the ranks of Democracy, the principle being the same that actuated us in other days, in withstanding, in arms, the aggressive destroyers whom Lincoln sent South to blot us from the face of the earth.

And it is not enough for our enemies of to-day that a political party should be formed and perpetuated, on the basis of hatred and abuse of the South, but religionists also beyond the Ohio and Potomac Rivers must incorporate such Satanic principles into their creeds. The Northern Methodist Church especially has made itself notorious through its spokesmen for its bitter denunciations of Southern white citizens and

Southern institutions; and their wicked rant is about as profuse and devilish this first month of January, 1892, as it was when they were trying to destroy Southern Methodism during and at the close of the war. From week to week their Church papers regale their readers with impious maledictions against the South, hurled at us for our degradation and destruction, an enduring illustration of the venom of the typical Yankee toward us. The soldiers of Lincoln not having accomplished our extermination by disarming us, these Northern religionists of the Wesleyan type would have us devoured by some other method if possible.

These same delectable Methodists of the Yankee persuasion, their bishops and other preachers in the lead, in connection with the Lincoln administration, arranged to appropriate to themselves during the war the churches of ours upon which they could lay their thieving hands. At their instance, the Hon. Edwin M. Stanton, Lincoln's Secretary of War, issued the following order, November 30, 1863, addressed to his

army commanders, and known as the "Stanton-Ames order:"

You are hereby directed to place at the disposal of Bishop Ames all houses of worship belonging to the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in which a loyal minister, who has been appointed by a loyal bishop of said Church, does not officiate.

In keeping with this order, Maj. Gen. Banks, with headquarters at New Orleans, and commanding the "Department of the Gulf," issued the following "Special Order, No. 15," January 18, 1864:

In accordance with instructions contained in a letter from the Secretary of War, under date of November 30, 1863, all houses of worship within this department, belonging to the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in which a loyal minister, who has been appointed by a loyal bishop of the said Church does not officiate, are hereby placed at the disposal of Rev. Bishop Ames. Commanding officers at the various points where such houses of worship may be located are directed to extend to the ministers that may be appointed by Bishop Ames to conduct divine service in said houses of worship all the aid, countenance, and support practicable in the execution of their mission. Officers of the Quartermasters' Departments are authorized and directed to furnish

Bishop Ames and his clerk with transportation and subsistence, when it can be done without prejudice to the service; and all officers will afford them courtesy, assistance, and protection.

Says Bishop McTyeire, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in his "History of Methodism:" "After the Federal forces had occupied large sections of Southern territory, Bishop Ames, with preachers of the Methodist Episcopal Church (North), followed the victorious army with an order procured from Secretary of War Stanton, and took forcible possession of Southern Methodist pulpits, even to the exclusion of ministers appointed by the Church authorities and desired by the congregation. These violent pastors held on after the war ceased, and had to be ousted ungracefully and reluctantly. The intruder placed in Carondelet Street Church by Bishop Ames's order was got out barely in time for the meeting of the General Conference at New Orleans," in which church the Conference was held in April, 1866.

By legal compulsion alone could we induce these clerical intruders and Church thieves

to vacate our pulpits and let go their hold on our property.

Such things are sickening to contemplate, and I turn away from the mention of them to the more agreeable pastime of recording for the present some army features and events, as brought to view, in part, while we were at Corinth. The messing arrangements among soldiers is truly an interesting spectacle—the breaking up of the companies into squads for cooking and eating purposes. The mess need not consist of any particular number of soldiers, and the principles of selection upon which it was formed were largely under the control of existing circumstances. Sometimes it was much larger than at others, as when, from sickness, some members were at the hospital, or some had died, or some were on furlough, etc. Congeniality had much to do with the formation of a mess, in a general way, but the making of arrangements for securing a cook, and the necessities of the situation in regard to tents when there were any, our location, the number of absentees, etc., were controlling fac-

tors in their formation. We would organize, after a sort, by having one of number as a kind of leader to draw rations, superintend the cooking, etc.; that is to say, when we were in a condition to inaugurate a form and had a cook for the mess. On active campaigns, and as the army became depleted by sickness and death and the various casualties of war, we simply dropped together in messes, few or many, as the exigencies of our surroundings indicated; and oftener cooking our own rations than having a hired cook to do so.

Sometimes we were supplied with cooking utensils, and sometimes we were not. For a long time, in some of the stages of the war, we baked our bread on an old broken piece of flat iron that we had picked up among the rubbish of a town near our encampment, and cooked our meat (beef) by holding it to the fire on a stick or ramrod; and not unfrequently we were put to the necessity of baking our bread in the ashes. We usually had some kind of tin, good or indifferent, to make up the dough in, but we

sometimes had to use hickory bark peeled off in large pieces for that purpose, and would right often cut out a tray in the top of a log.

Among our cooking utensils mention must be made of the frying pans that we made by bursting open Yankee canteens, which we would hold over the fire by slipping the edge of the half canteen into the split end of a stick, which served as a handle. These canteens were made of two concavo-convex tin plates, fastened together around their edges, and which could easily be blown open by putting a little powder in them and igniting it. We would only thus destroy the canteen as such when it began to leak, for we needed all the canteens we could get for carrying water, and then we would use the side that did not leak for a frying pan. This utensil was especially adapted for making *cush* in out of our bread when it was too old to be good eating otherwise; and our *cush* was so palatable at times that we would declare that we were going to live on *cush* altogether when we got home from the war.

My first messmates after reaching Corinth

were Dr. Isaac F. Deloney, Richard Coleman, Peter Beasley, Charles O. Shephard, and Thomas Jones. I was taken sick on the eve of leaving Corinth, and when I rejoined the command at Tupelo shortly afterward, June 10, I made this note in my diary: "I am quite saddened to find that all of my messmates have gone off sick to the hospital, and I have to fall in with others of my friends." Jones, not being able for duty, was discharged at Corinth. Ed Fletcher and perhaps some one else had been added to our mess before leaving there. At Tupelo W. G. Whitfield and W. P. Cockrill became my permanent messmates, other friends being in with us a great deal of the time. But we three ate and slept together many days and nights. The last named, my brother-in-law, and yet a boy, came to the regiment while in camp at Tupelo, Wednesday, June 18, 1862, and that day was sworn into the service and joined my company.

As to the washing of clothes, which may as well be mentioned in this connection, we were often put to considerable straits for

lack of suitable vessels, but usually there were negroes enough along with us as cooks to do the washing at some citizen's house or borrow vessels and wash in camp when we had none of our own. When there was no other chance, we would take our soiled clothes to the creek and get out what dirt we could with cold water. I made one effort of this kind, but the garment looked worse soiled after it was washed than it did before, and I never repeated the undertaking. With the best facilities for washing that we had in camp and on the march, it was simply impossible for us to have clean clothes as often as needful, and we wore soiled garments a great deal. Remembering that we spread our pallets (blankets) at night on the ground, that we lay down on the ground to rest when on the march, that we often fought lying on the ground, that we marched in mud and dust, that we worked on fortifications and dug rifle pits, etc., the wonder is that we could keep our clothing at all clean.

Owing to recent rains there were many little wet weather branches, affording us a good

supply of water when our regiment first reached Corinth; and when the little streams ceased to run, the ground was still saturated with water, so that we could dig little holes anywhere and have springs, as we called them. After awhile, however, the ground began to dry out, and water became very scarce and very bad. There was much sickness before we left there, many soldiers having to be sent off to the hospitals. We grew weary of the place, and it was without any regret on the part of any of us that we received orders to leave there, taking our departure May 29, 1862.

We knew not then that we would return in the fall to take part in the battle of Corinth October 3, 4. On the second day of that battle the Thirty-fifth Alabama Regiment was formed on the identical ground upon which it was encamped before leaving there in May. When the army was put in motion for the second day's engagement, an impression came upon me (a mere apprehension perhaps) that I would fall that day in battle, and I thought of wife and my two little boys, one of them

having been born soon after my enlistment and the death of our little Loulie, and delivered to Brother Wilson, our chaplain, a message for her. I knew that a cloud of gloom would rest upon her if I were slain, but I knew that I could somewhat comfort her and my older boy, who could then understand such things, with a message from the field ere I fell, the substance of which was that I was perfectly ready to meet my God in peace, and that I expected that she and the children would join me in the better world. I was not slain, but Brother Wilson, who had never seen my family, kept the message in mind until he had an opportunity of delivering it. While I was pastor of the Antioch Circuit, Tennessee Conference, in 1875, he greatly surprised me one summer day by walking into the parsonage. He was a most welcome visitor in our household. Having introduced him to my wife, I asked him to be seated. "I have a message for you, Sister Goodloe, which I will first deliver," said he, "and then I will sit down." In a most feeling manner he spoke of the inter-

view he and I had on the eve of battle, and delivered the message which I had given him for wife in the event I were slain. Of course we wiped the tears from our eyes then.

It was never my misfortune during the war to be an inmate of a hospital, a place for which I had a decided horror, but I would have been sent off to one with many other sick soldiers the day before Corinth was evacuated in May if Dr. Sanders, surgeon of the regiment, had not forgotten that I was sick. I was lying sick in my tent, and knew nothing of what order had been given in reference to the sick until they were all gone and until the tents were being struck for removal and the wagons were being hitched up. The command also had received orders to fall in and march to the front. For a moment a sense of solitude came over me, which was painful indeed. Applying to Col. Robertson, I got permission to get in the surgeon's wagon, which, with the rest of the wagon train, was going to the rear, and which moved southward on the Kossuth road as the mand went northward to the front, the Yan-

kees being in that direction, and not far off. Dr. Sanders, seeing that I was too sick to travel in this way, advised me to stop in at a house on the road and take the best care of myself that I could. Five miles from Corinth, and just across Tuscumbia Creek, I came to a house which had an attractive appearance, and asked of the owner permission to stop with him. He did not hesitate to take me in, but let me know that he was preparing to take his family farther south. Upon forming the acquaintance of the family I found that I was among the near relatives of my wife, and as generous-hearted people as it is possible to be. Capt. Allen, of the Confederate service, whose command was captured at Donelson, was my host, and he was also my wife's first cousin by marriage, his wife being the daughter of William Rose, who lived near Pulaski, Tenn. Mrs. Allen's younger sister was staying with her, and was the wife of Col. Fields, of Maney's old regiment. The family completed arrangements May 30 to move to Col. Buchanan's, in some way related to them, living

fourteen miles above Aberdeen, and they took me along with them, making me perfectly comfortable on the trip and carefully looking after my every want. At Col. Buchanan's the same generous hospitality was shown me that I had received at the hands of the noble family who had brought me there. My improvement was steady, and in a few days I reported to my command. In my heart I praised God for the kind providence which gave me into the care of those who so readily and so heartily ministered to me, and invoked the benedictions of heaven upon them all; which also I inscribed in my diary.

What would have been the result if I had been placed in an ambulance at Corinth and sent off to the hospital, then situated at Okolona, cannot be known, but many who did go there never recovered, because the attention could not be shown them that was necessary in their cases. There was perhaps no intentional neglect of sick soldiers in the hospitals, but there was at times a measure of culpable carelessness, and there were more patients in some of the hospitals than the

medical attendants could well look after. This was the only case of sickness with me during the war that took me from my command, except a brief attack of hemorrhoids while on the Big Black, when I stopped with Col. Love, near Canton, whose wife was the daughter of my uncle, Rev. David S. Goodloe. Here, of course, I was as one of the family, and had every needful attention shown me. I felt that I was taking bilious fever, which was my disease at Corinth, when we were in the act of leaving Port Hudson, and had much fever while on the march, but I determined to keep on foot as long as I could, and did so until I was well. Twice I had severe attacks of the army flux, as it was called, but refused to stop, and cured myself while doing duty. I had about as much horror of a hospital as I had of a Yankee prison, and was determined to keep out of them both if possible; and I never had the bad luck to be in either one. Many a noble Confederate soldier went to the grave from both these institutions who would not have died had he been elsewhere.

An amusing incident occurred with a sick soldier of my company who was sent to the hospital at Okolona. He believed that he was sent there to be cured, but the first sight which greeted his eyes upon reaching there was a room seemingly full of coffins, and a number of workmen busily engaged in making more. At once he was overcome with the impression that greater preparations were being made to bury soldiers than to cure them, and summoning all the strength that remained in him, he walked away from the hospital instead of into it when taken out of the ambulance. He found a private family not far from town who cared for him in their home until he recovered. It was with him like it is with some people on a lofty elevation, that feel possessed of a kind of suicidal mania to jump off; upon seeing those coffins he felt impelled to die and be buried in one of them, and it frightened him away from the place.

But why were those coffins in sight of the sick and wounded soldiers who were carried to the hospital? This suggests the state-

ment of the humiliating fact that not all those who had the oversight of soldiers needing medical attention were in sympathy with them, and willing to take the pains that were necessary for their comfort and cure. Just think of exhibiting a coffin factory to a patient upon his entering the hospital! Though strictly in the fighting department, I had much to do with the sick first and last, being myself a graduate in medicine, and was enabled to see with my own eyes that those in authority were often extremely careless of their well-being in any sense. In several instances I have had to withstand very decidedly and defiantly those who were over me in rank, because of their injustice, as I saw it, to the sick, in not allowing them such privileges as were needful for their improvement, and in having them under suspicion as pretending to be sick to get off duty. With some officers, unworthy of course of the position which they held, a sick soldier was about on a par with a sick hog. I had personal knowledge, and noted it in my diary at the time, of a colonel attending the sur-

geon's call of his regiment as a detective, to find out who were the "play-outs," and to see that the surgeon was not too liberal in excusing men from duty, as though he was competent for such a self-imposed task as this. His heartlessness and presumption were made apparent, and he brought upon himself the contempt of those who had knowledge of his conduct.

But the well-being of sick soldiers was not always disregarded by those whose business it was to look after them, and often they were taken in hand and tenderly cared for by those who were not connected with the army. There is no telling the number of good women, not to speak of men not in the service, who came into our camps and hospitals, and carried to their homes sick and wounded soldiers, giving them the best possible attention until their recovery or death. And I must believe that as a rule Confederate officers were ready to do all that they could, and with hearts of sympathy, for the good of the disabled of their commands from sickness or wounds. But in the holiest cause unworthy

men sometimes wear the insignia of authority, and often to its great hurt. It may as well be stated also that it was not altogether uncommon for some in the ranks to feign sickness in order to get off fatigue duty or keep out of battle. Patriotism did not move all in any position to meet all the demands of duty. Neither is the Church of God composed altogether of loyal members.

CHAPTER III.

TO trace the course of that part of the Confederate army with which the Thirty-fifth Alabama Regiment was connected after the evacuation of Corinth, May 29, 1862, so as to bring its journeyings and encampments as clearly to view as possible in their consecutive order, it must necessarily be done in as few words as possible. Much must be left unsaid, therefore, for the time being, connected with those movements, army life, etc., to be told hereafter, in part at least. To follow up this army is to get a somewhat intelligent idea of the spirit with which the Confederate soldier was possessed when he took up arms against Lincoln's invaders; for who in the world does not know that Lincoln brought on the war between the States?

From Cornith, after its evacuation the date above given, the army was marched back to Tupelo, Miss., where it remained until Thursday, June 19. From Tupelo it marched

across to Abbeville, on the Mississippi Central railway, where it took the train, June 26, for Vicksburg, via Jackson, reaching there the night of June 28. Sunday, July 27, the Thirty-fifth Alabama Regiment, as part of the force ordered to Baton Rouge, left on the train for that place, going by way of Jackson, and quitting the railroad at Tangipahoa. Returning from Baton Rouge after the battle there, August 5, the troops marched back to the railroad at Tangipahoa, and there took the train for Jackson August 28, where they arrived at 8 o'clock that evening. The command left Jackson by rail Thursday, September 11, under orders to report to Gen. Villipigue at Holly Springs, or beyond there, if he has gone farther, until Gen. Breckenridge shall arrive, and it goes on to Davis's Mills, a short distance from the Tennessee state line below La Grange, Tenn. Here we remained until September 27, except that we chased the Yankees pretty much all day September 21, running them into their fortifications at Bolivar, and returning to camp the next even-

ing. The rascals had gone out on a foraging expedition, stealing what they could from citizens, and we were trying to intercept them before they got back into their holes. Leaving Davis's Mills Saturday, September 27, the command marched toward Ripley, and passing there we went on and on until we struck the enemy in their outer works at Cornith, October 3. After the engagement of the next day a second retreat from Cornith was begun in the evening, and the Confederate forces were marched back to Holly Springs, thence to the mouth of Tippah, where we remained until November 30. From the mouth of Tippah we began a hurried retreat Sunday evening, November 30, at 8 o'clock, and continued this movement until we reached Grenada, the Sunday following, having been several times hindered by the pursuing Yankees, whose pursuit we must pause to check. January 31, 1863, we went on the train from Grenada to Jackson, where we remained until February 11, when we began our march to Edwards' Depot, on or near Big Black River, and about fifteen miles west of Vicksburg. From here

we started on the train, February 23, for Port Hudson, via Jackson, reaching Osyka the next evening, where we quit the train and marched on to Port Hudson. We arrived at Port Hudson March 3, and left there April 5; and marching back to Osyka, we went from there on the train to Jackson, April 10. April 14 we took the train at Jackson for Tullahoma, Tenn., and reached Chattanooga April 18 at 6 o'clock in the evening, where the order was countermanded, and we were started the next day back to Jackson. Upon reaching Meridian, Miss., the night of April 23, we heard that the Yankees were making demonstrations of some kind in this region, and we remained here a few days to see after them. In the meanwhile a portion of the command, the Thirty-fifth Alabama Regiment first, was sent down on the train to Enterprise to head off Grierson's Yankee raiders, and returned to Meridian. From here the command resumed its return trip to Jackson May 3, and reached there the next day. May 5 we went out on the train to Edwards' Depot. Much marching

was done, and in many directions, with many stops also, in the Big Black region, so to speak, until the command was engaged in the battle of Baker's Creek, May 16, 1863. Late that evening, Gen. Loring, our division commander, declining to put his command in a trap at Vicksburg with the rest of Pemberton's army, took us in a southeast direction, and around by Crystal Springs, to prevent being captured, up to Jackson, to report to Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, who was said to be near Canton with two divisions of the Tennessee army. We went up to Canton on the train May 31, and June 5 the entire command, then under Gen. Johnston, started on foot toward Vicksburg, in the hope, it is understood, of making a way of escape for Pemberton's army, now shut in there by Grant's Yankees. Again there was much marching and camping and maneuvering in the Big Black and adjacent regions, until Vicksburg fell, and our army retired to Jackson. Here there was almost constant fighting, on one part or another of the line, from July 9 to July 16. At 11 o'clock

the night of July 16 we were waked up, those who were asleep, in a whisper, and began a noiseless eastward march along the line of the Southern railroad. Very soon, however, we began to make long stops, halting mainly at Forest Station, Newton, and Morton. From Morton, where there were so many flies that we called it "Camp Fly," we started back on foot to Canton at sundown, September 3, making a most disagreeable night march through rain and mud and Egyptian darkness, and reached there October 2. We went on the train to Grenada October 16 to check a Yankee raid, and returned to Canton the next day. The day following we marched down on Big Black to check another raid, and remained over one night, when we again returned to our camp at Canton. February 5, 1864, we left Canton, and after making a zigzag southward and eastward confusing march for a few days, we went forward to Demopolis, Ala., not without interruptions now and then by the detestable Yankees, and reached there February 18. From here, March 4, the

Twenty-seventh and Thirty-fifth Alabama Regiments, having received orders to go to North Alabama for recruiting purposes, took up the line of march for the Tennessee River valley in that section of the state, their route being through Tuscaloosa and other towns along that way. From North Alabama these regiments were ordered to Dalton, Ga., to meet again the army which they left at Demopolis, except some that were there mounted, and to become incorporated into the Army of Tennessee under Gen. Joseph E. Johnston. The Sherman-Johnston war here set in, and the Confederates fought and backed, and backed and fought, until Atlanta was lost. Then, having camped awhile at Palmetto Station, and having been reviewed by President Davis, they began their march for Tennessee under Hood September 29, 1864. Crossing the Tennessee River at Florence, Ala., after long marches and several minor engagements with Yankee garrisons, they went on to the slaughter at Franklin and at Nashville. Out of Tennessee retreated the fragments of as grand an

army as was ever marshaled on any field of battle, and marching across one corner of North Alabama, they went on to West Point, Miss. Remaining there but a few days, they took the train for Mobile February 1, 1865, reaching there the next morning. The day following they went on a boat to Tensas Depot, where they took the train for Montgomery, and from there onward, until they reached Midway, Ga., near Milledgeville, February 7, where the railroad gave out. Here they began their march at 2 o'clock the afternoon of February 11 for Mayfield, where they again took the train, February 14, for Graniteville, S. C., by way of Augusta. Leaving there February 16, they passed through Newberry, and having gone a day's march beyond this place they return to it and there took the train to Pomara. From there they marched through Union C. H., and on to Chesterville, where they again took the train, and passing through Charlotte, Salisbury, Greensboro, Raleigh, and Goldsboro, they reached Kinston, on Neuse River, at noon, March 9. Here they quit the train with the

utmost promptness and marched forward four miles to the front, where they took their position on the line with the army already there, to engage at once, and until after night, in a heavy skirmish with the Yankees. The next day an assault was made on the enemy's works without carrying them by the Tennessee troops, with considerable suffering on our part, for the purpose, we were told, of diverting their attention from Hoke's Division, which was in danger of being captured by them. It seemed that Gen. Hoke had undertaken to make a flank movement on the enemy, which was about to issue in the loss of his division. March 10 the army retired from the front after dark to one mile above Kinston, and the next morning it was on the march regularly, and fell back through Goldsboro and on to Smithfield. Saturday, March 18, leaving Smithfield, they took a southeast course, and after marching about fifteen miles, went into camp near Bentonville; and the next day, having gone about two miles forward, they encountered the enemy, and the battle of Bentonville was fought, in

which the Confederates were eminently victorious. After this battle, and on the night of March 21, our army fell back a short distance toward Smithfield, and the next day began a leisurely retreat in the same direction. Back and back it slowly moved, taking time along the route to rest, consolidate, etc., until Greensboro was reached, where it was surrendered to Sherman April 26, 1865.

A few days before the army reached Greensboro I procured a transfer to the Trans-Mississippi Department, and started there from Hillsboro; so that I was not surrendered with the others of the command with which I had heretofore been connected. I reached Meridian, Miss., May 9, where I first learned positively of our overthrow, and so determined to turn my face toward home. Yankee officers were there giving paroles, but I went on to North Alabama, and on May 20 I rode from Uncle Robert A. Goodloe's down to East Port, on the Tennessee River, and just across the line from Alabama into Mississippi, and there got my parole. In making application for admission into the John

L. McEwen Bivouac, No. 4, at Franklin, Tenn., in 1890, I stated that I was paroled at Meridian, remembering at the time that the Yankees were there giving paroles when I reached there May 9, and forgetting that I had gone to East Port to procure one. May 25, 1865, I reached my home in Wilson County, Tennessee, my family having returned there after finding that it was as safe to do so as it was to remain in North Alabama.

My route to Meridian, where I expected to find out the best place to cross the Mississippi River, was out of North Carolina into South Carolina, and on to Augusta, Ga. From there I went to Atlanta, and then across Alabama in as direct a line as I could go for safety, and with an eye to as much railroad traveling as possible. Much track was torn up in places by Yankee raiders, and many bridges were burned, but I got a good deal of riding on disconnected pieces of road here and there, sometimes on a hand car and sometimes on the train; I had, however, 315 miles of walking to do. From Meridian I went up on the train to Luhatten Station,

near Rev. Simon Sykes's plantation, where I had a horse, which I rode home, crossing the Tennessee River at Florence and taking the most direct route from there.

That portion of the army surrendered at Greensboro, which had been in the Georgia and Tennessee campaigns, first under Johnston, and then under Hood, was an exceedingly diminutive fragment of that once superb army which had been, while under Johnston in Georgia, the terror and admiration of Yankee Gen. Sherman, who, though gradually pushing it back toward Atlanta by a much larger army, saw but too plainly for his own comfort and that of his government that his forces were being constantly worsted, and that it was only a question of time when Johnston with his gallant Confederates would hurl him hurriedly back over the road of his invasion, or demolish him altogether. In the consolidation which was made a short time before the surrender it was shown that there were not men enough left in some regiments to make a full company, or indeed half a company in some in-

stances; and there were companies in which scarcely a "corporal's guard" was left, and some had entirely vanished. Of my own company there remained but two or three men besides myself, and indeed part of the time in that last North Carolina campaign I was entirely alone. When the army was consolidated there was quite a number of officers left without commands, and being myself of that number, I thought to transfer to the Trans-Mississippi Department, in the hope that the Western army, by being strengthened, could withstand the invaders until our prospects for freedom would brighten. Indeed, I had an idea then that instead of surrendering the army in North Carolina, it should have been carried westward, if possible; and if not possible, that it should have been disbanded with orders for each soldier to make his way as best he could to one of the Western armies. But "Uncle Joe" (Gen. Johnston) said surrender, and of course that was the right thing to do under the circumstances as they then were. Any army begins to lessen in the very nature of

things from the time almost of its enlistment, unless it is constantly recruited, owing to the unavoidable casualties, from many causes, incident to warfare; but when one has to pass through what ours did under Hood the decrease in numbers cannot but be rapid and immense.

There would, however, have been more men with our army after Hood brought it out of Tennessee had it not been for its speedy removal by railroad from North Mississippi, where it paused awhile, over the long route it had then to take to reach Eastern North Carolina, making it next to impossible for the soldiers that were behind to overtake it soon, the interruptions to transportation being very great in those days. It was unavoidable that many were left behind, and they were as true men as those that went forward. Besides those that were wounded, many were compelled by sickness to drop out of line for the time being, having suffered great exposure in severe weather while in Tennessee; weariness from unusually hard service on the field and on the march had ex-

hausted the strength of some, so that they were compelled to pause and rest wherever they could; barefooted and ragged were not a few of our best warriors in the winter winds and snows, and they must go out of line to hunt up clothing and shoes, which the quartermasters had not to give them; and finally, there were those whose spirits were just then broken in a measure by the conspicuously reckless and suicidal policy of Gen. Hood, in whom they had lost all confidence, in his methods of conducting campaigns and waging battle, who determined to call a halt until a change in the conduct of army affairs should take place of such a nature as to encourage again their hope, however faint, of success. True men, all of them, I repeat, and worthy to the last of the gray that they wore.

It was indeed the ruin of the Army of Tennessee when President Davis put Gen. Hood in command of it as the successor, and after the removal without cause, of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, the best of all the Confederate generals in our estimation. A gloom came

over us when that change of commanders was made, which foretokened the ruin that was to follow. At sundown, July 18, 1864, while on the line in front of Atlanta, we received Johnston's farewell note and the announcement that Hood was his successor, and we were like those who had lost their father. "Boys, we are orphans now," was the lamentation that was upon the lips of us all, as we collected in groups around our camp fires that night to talk of the misfortune that had befallen us. Our admiration for Hood was without bounds while in the positions he had formerly occupied, but it was impossible for us to hold him in the honor which may have been his due when he suffered himself to be made a seeming party to the injustice done his predecessor by President Davis, and to be placed in a position, at a most critical moment, which Johnston was the only officer in the army capable of filling. We were in the midst of one of the most magnificent campaigns ever conducted by any general, the fruits of which we were in the act of grasping, when the strange and de-

pressing tidings reached us that the master spirit who so grandly and effectively conducted it must be removed, and his place be filled by one who, though a good man, could not possibly compass intelligently the situation in all its details and merits at such a juncture as then existed. Not only did we feel like orphans then, but it took much effort to shake loose from the despondency which crowded itself upon us in regard to the final outcome of our struggle for independence. Hood's long battle order issued upon his taking command, in which he aimed to stir us up to unusual exhibitions of courage, and to impress us (so it seemed) that he was the man for the occasion, did not improve our feelings, nor inspire us with hope for the success of his method of warfare therein indicated. All fell into line, however, at his command, and engaged with all their might, in all the departments of duty, in the campaign which he conducted until its terrible miscarriage at Franklin and Nashville.

Those who are acquainted with army af-

fairs in the days of the Confederacy know perfectly well that the army as it was under Johnston, prior to his being superseded by Hood, was in the most buoyant of spirits, happy, hopeful, and confident of ultimate success; and the troops heartily believed that they could whip Sherman's Yankees in an open field fight. They were falling back by degrees, but they knew that that meant disaster to Sherman sooner or later, and they were whipping him in detail, by corps and divisions, every time they joined battle with him. Instead of our men becoming weary of the campaign, they were more and more interested in it, and an improvement was going on in the army all the time. Soldiers who were absent on account of wounds, sickness, or other cause were hurrying to the front as soon as they were able to do so, thus keeping our ranks well filled up and increasing in numbers.

Johnston was restored to command just before the battle of Bentonville, but he had then only a few fragments of his old army, and it was too late for him to build it up to any

formidable proportions. The troops that remained were rejoiced beyond measure at his return to them, and had the good fortune, under his leadership, to give Sherman's Yankees, whom they had whipped so often in Georgia, one more effectual beating, over in North Carolina, before the curtain fell. Had not the end been so near at hand, Johnston would have built up another formidable army before a great while. But the end had come, alas! alas!

I kept my parole while it served me protection from the victorious and vicious Yankees, and then I burned it to prevent my posterity from having this evidence that I had surrendered to the invaders of our Southland. Indeed, I would not have surrendered if I had been without a family, and if I had been able to have reached some other country. Any government on earth was preferable with me to Yankee rule then. Quite a number of Confederates did go to other countries rather than surrender; and although most of them, I suppose, returned sooner or later, there were some who re-

mained permanently abroad. The sense of humiliation and disgust that was experienced by the surrendered Confederates cannot be uttered. The thought of laying down our arms, which had enabled us so long to bid defiance to the despicable invaders, with the prospect of hereafter having to submit to their dictation in all governmental affairs, was oppressive in the extreme.

Though passing through such experiences as these as he gave up an undertaking which was dearer to him than life, the Confederate soldier, nevertheless, maintained unflaggingly to the last his self-respect and pride of character. His nobility was never surrendered. Although overcome and disappointed and gloomy, his convictions and manhood remained. This infuriated, and still does, the great mass of our enemies, whose business it was, and is, to stamp out of us every vestige of freedom. Though still in pursuit of us with their hellish anathemas, the true ex-Confederate, with majestic bearing, goes steadily forward in the persistent maintenance of his unsullied manhood.

As touching our feelings when the necessity of surrender was made known to us, the following composition of a Missouri soldier, which was given me by Miss Mary Cherry just after the war, gives expression, in its allusions to the Yankees and our condition, to the sentiments that obtained in all our breasts:

A MISSOURIAN'S FEELINGS BEFORE THE SURRENDER.

Who can portray the deep disgust
Missourians feel on being told
To trail their banner in the dust,
Lay down their arms, and be paroled.

Yield to the Yankees ! O the thought
Thrills madly through my 'wildered brain !
Give up the cause for which we've fought,
And humbly be base slaves again.

March backward through this land of flowers,
All dotted o'er with bloody graves,
Again to seek our Western bowers,
And tell our mothers we are slaves.

Thank God, my father does not live
To witness thus his son's return:
'Twould cause his proud old heart to grieve,
His aged cheeks with shame to burn.

He sleeps within his native state,
Where Stonewall Jackson wrote his name,
Where Robert Lee succumbed to fate,
But kept his honor and his fame.

My mother's locks with grief are gray,
And mine are too with toil and strife;
I go to smooth as best I may
Her pathway down the hill of life.

I know she'll cheer me all she can,
And say now all regrets are vain,
But can I smile while Dixie's land
Groans 'neath the despot's iron chain?

Dear land of sunshine and of flowers,
We yet would gladly die for thee,
If this last bloody act of ours
Could make thy noble people free.

We to our trust have e'er been true,
We've fought on every battlefield,
We've done what brave men ever do,
And now, perforce, we can but yield.

To-morrow's sun that lights the world
And gilds old ocean's rolling waves
Will beam on Yankee flags unfurled
Above surrendered Southern braves.

In this dark hour, when hope's last ray
Has sunk 'neath sorrow's gloomy wave,

Come, comrades, let us kneel and pray
Beside our nation's honored grave.

We'll weep as the survivors weep
Of a wrecked bark that's homeward bound,
Who feel 'tis wrong that they don't sleep
In the same grave their bark has found.

'Tis hard to leave this land of flowers,
For which we've fought for these long years,
How dark appear life's coming hours,
When hearts and hopes are drowned in tears!

I now must yield to Yankee laws,
Yet this shall be my life's proud boast:
I gave my best years to the cause
That I love yet, although 'tis lost.

But was it not best for us and our posterity that we failed in the permanent establishment of our Confederacy? If the Lord willed it thus, it was best, but the divine ordering is not always comprehended by our dull understanding. We buried all hope of a Confederacy when we ceased to fight for it, knowing full well that our opportunity for its establishment was forever lost, but we did not believe that we had bettered our condition when we turned over our guns to the

Lincoln government; and what has transpired since that gloomy day to induce us to undergo a change of mind on that subject? As to the effect that slavery would ultimately have had in weakening the Southern Confederacy need not enter into our contemplations, inasmuch as ours was a land of statesmen, as well as of soldiers, fully capable, in the course of time, of solving that question, perhaps by the gradual emancipation of the slaves by the government, and paying their owners for them. But we accept the situation, and are willing that by-gones shall be by-gones, if only the Radicals of the North will let it be thus.

CHAPTER IV.

WE confidently believed that the death of Gen. Albert Sydney Johnston on the field of Shiloh was one of the few potent factors in the loss of our independenece as a nation, but we regarded the removal of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston from the command of the department and army of Tennessee, and the appointment of Hood as his successor, as the prime cause of our overthrow. We were sure that if he had been left in command Abe Lincoln would have soon called off his war dogs. And it was understood among the soldiers that President Davis was responsible for his removal. We also believed that he knew perfectly well, and sanctioned, the campaign upon which Hood entered when he came into command upon Johnston's removal. He came to our army after the removal of Johnston, and reviewed it in connection with Hood as we were about to begin our march toward Tennessee. We easily

presumed that he was there at that particular time to assist in planning and otherwise arranging for that campaign; and he got no praise from the soldiers that I heard for being with us on that occasion for such a purpose. His presence inspired no enthusiasm in the army, speaking from my standpoint, and what cheers greeted him as he galloped along the road on the side of which, and fronting it, we stood, were mainly from respect to him as the head of our government. As he passed along many soldiers called out to him: "Take away Hood, and give us back Johnston!"

Mr. Davis may have been greatly wronged by many of the soldiers, but there was a wide-spread impression among them in those days that he was not the man for the place he occupied in the stormy years of our national existence; and, holding him responsible for the removal of Johnston in front of Atlanta, they held him responsible for our downfall; since we believed that the ruin of our army under Hood destroyed our possibility of freedom. He was, we may say, unani-

mously elected President by the Southern people of our Confederate States of America; and at the time of the election all confided in him implicitly as a competent leader in the great emergency which was upon us; but it developed to the satisfaction of a great many, long before the war ended, that we had not found the man to head so gigantic and hazardous an enterprise as the one we were then engaged in. We regarded him as a great man in statesmanship and courage, and remembered that he had given to our armies some of the finest military chieftains that the world ever knew; but his war policy we regarded as mistaken, and we were made to believe that at times his prejudices rather than his judgment controlled him in the removal and appointment of army officers. There were a number of officers who were pretty generally denominated "Davis's pets," and some whom, it was understood, he had a personal dislike for. His love for and devotion to the Southern Confederacy was never called in question by any one, and his readiness to put forth his mightiest ener-

gies for its support could not be doubted in any quarter.

Davis could not endure the thought of a Confederate army, however small, retiring before a Yankee army, however large. He believed that a handful of Rebels ought to whip a field full of Yankees whenever a chance to fight was offered. Surrender and retreat were not words to be found in his vocabulary, and it never occurred to him until he was captured that the Southern Confederacy would not endure. That he believed that something would occur, even in the very last moments, to save us from the fall which was then so manifestly imminent to a great many was evidenced by his own statements. His retreat from Richmond, the capital of our Confederacy; the surrender of Lee; and the certainty of Johnston's early capitulation did not destroy his hope of the final triumph of the Confederate arms. I saw him April 17, 1865, as he and his family were crossing the long bridge over the Yadkin River, North Carolina. I was lying down resting by the side of the railroad near the west end

of the bridge as he came walking on the bridge, his horse being led by a private soldier. It was a railroad bridge which had been floored for carrying over horses and wagons; the horses being loosed from the wagons and led over, and the wagons being pulled and pushed over by men. Mr. Davis stopped and received his horse from the soldier who had led him over in a few feet of where I was lying. After thanking the soldier for his kindness in a most hearty and gentlemanly manner, and seeming almost to apologize to him for trying to make his escape from the Yankees, he said: "I expect to be retracing my steps when you see me again, and it will not be long until I do so." Mr. Davis then went on to Charlotte, and made a speech to some of the citizens of that town, in which he said that we could hold out five more years against the Yankees. That was April 19, 1865. I did not hear the speech, but I was in Charlotte when it was made, and I received my information from perfectly reliable parties who did hear it. I think it was only a hasty speech of a few

words made to a rather small company that gathered around him as he rode into town. The gentleman at whose house I had stopped to have my rations cooked was present, and he came back home greatly pleased that our resources were so much more abundant than he had supposed until he heard what Mr. Davis said.

Hopeful to the last, it would seem, was our chieftain of the permanency of our government, and yet hoping without hope in these expiring moments of its existence. But these statements of his have a strange sound taken in connection with the fact that he had but a few days before their utterance authorized Gen. Johnston to make what terms he could for the termination of the war, they having had a meeting at Greensboro, where I saw Mr. Davis April 15 riding along the street in company with Gen. Breckenridge. While as President of our Confederacy and commander in chief of our armies he was in the best possible position to know our real condition, which he indeed recognized as hopeless, yet he seemed to be

possessed of a kind of desperation of hope in the face of inevitable ruin.

For a long time before the war ended Mr. Davis had gotten the credit, though unjustly it may be, among the soldiers for sending abroad messages of hope to encourage them to endurance and courage when there was no sufficient ground always for such messages. "News from Richmond," which was understood to be news from the President, was continually coming into camp to the effect that our disabilities of one sort and another were about to be removed, and our speedy triumph accomplished. As our troubles accumulated and our condition became more embarrassing these blessed tidings came more frequently to us, freighted with hope and cheer to those who believed them. For awhile they were very inspiring to us all, but as disappointment after disappointment came to us on account of not witnessing their realization they became decidedly monotonous and a subject of jest and ridicule. They most frequently had reference to the interposition in one way or another of foreign powers in

our behalf, a great fleet of Confederate gun-boats on the high seas, the breaking of the blockade of our ports, an uprising of Southern sympathizers in the North, etc. Mr. Davis having gotten the credit among us, which seemed to be pretty general, of giving these items of news to the army, it was conjectured that he had acquired the habit of seeing and speaking only of the hopeful indications that presented themselves to his mind, and that this is the explanation of his final utterances of hope.

It is not intended to convey the idea that Mr. Davis, the soul of honor and of undisputed integrity, was a fabricator of rumors for helping forward the patriotism and chivalry of the army, but only to give, as army relics, such facts and impressions as came to us who were at the front. Mr. Davis may have had nothing to do with sending out these helpful reports to the soldiers, but many thought he did, and spoke freely of it. "I can fight the Yankees just as well, and a little better, without so much rallying in the way of flattering prospects which never ma-

terialize, than with it," was a sentiment which often found expression. It is to be taken for granted that those reports that related to our recognition by foreign powers, as well also as that of the blockade being broken, etc., were well founded, as our government was carrying on, all the while, negotiations with other governments, and the indications frequently were that so and so would come to pass which did not; but it was a great mistake to trumpet abroad what had not matured, and what, therefore, ought to have been kept strictly secret by the authorities of our government until the results desired had come to pass. Whatever may have been the real state of the case in regard to these matters, it was a great pity that the soldiers, if in error, were not made acquainted with the facts, if there was any way that it could be done.

Just here I will insert a report which, as chairman of the Historical Committee, I made to the John L. McEwen Bivouac, No. 4, Franklin, Tenn., in 1891, and which was headed "Speeches and Soldiers:"

April 25, 1863, Gen. Loring's division was at Meridian, Miss., where it had paused a little on the return trip from Chattanooga, Tenn., to Jackson, Miss., Big Black, etc. We had recently been to Port Hudson, La., and were ordered from there to Tullahoma, Tenn.; but on reaching Chattanooga we received orders to return to Mississippi. About 9 o'clock A.M. of the above date we received information that Grierson's Yankee cavalry were approaching Enterprise, on the Mobile and Ohio railroad, a short distance below Meridian, where there were government stores, railroad shops, etc. At once the Thirty-fifth Alabama Regiment was commanded to load guns and board the train for Enterprise, expecting possibly to be attacked on the route, but hoping to get there before Grierson did. We beat him there, and, leaping instantly from the train, we double-quickened down a dirt road to a bridge near the town, which Grierson was also briskly approaching, but which we reached first. Col. Goodwin then commanded our regiment, and placed it in a good position to do much hurt to the Yan-

kee raiders; but Grierson played off a rascally trick on him, and so made his escape. Grierson did not know we were there until we were just ready to "bag" him; and, seeing his imminent peril, threw up his white handkerchief as a flag of truce and asked for a parley with our colonel. The trick was but too palpable, and ought not to have been submitted to by Col. Goodwin; but the parley was allowed, and while it was going on, Grierson took in the situation more fully, and slipped his men out of the trap into which most of them had come. The trickster put on a bold face and demanded the surrender of the place; to which Col. Goodwin replied, asking two hours for consideration and the removal of women and children. Grierson was only too well pleased to accommodate our colonel, and use those two hours for the furtherance of his own safety. The Twelfth Louisiana and Seventh Kentucky Regiments were expected on the next train to reënforce our regiment, but when they arrived the Yankee horsemen, who could gallop heroically (!) through an unprotected

country, and call it a "great raid," had put themselves out of our reach.

Having thus lost the opportunity to "bag our game," an army expression frequently used, we were put in chase after it, only to wear us down with fatigue and sore feet, for the Yankees were mounted and we were on foot; albeit they were pretending to make a stand every now and then, which we were exceedingly anxious for them to do. We slept on our guns that night, not knowing but that we might need them before day; and all through the next day and until midnight following we were receiving information that Grierson was still hanging around, bent on capturing Enterprise, which made it necessary for us to be in motion and on the lookout all the time. It was indeed a very tiresome expedition in which we were engaged, and not until the night of April 28 did we quiet down and retire to our pallets for an undisturbed sleep. But just as the command were all soundly asleep, we were suddenly called up and ordered to "fall in." By thus being aroused at night and put in readiness

for marching, we had no other thought than that the enemy were near at hand, and in a moment we were in line; but to our utter amazement and displeasure our colonel informed us that we were called up to hear a speech from Gen. Reuben Davis, a near kinsman of the President, who was at the hotel in Enterprise.

Col. Goodwin was a brave, good soldier, but his tastes were more literary than military. He was a polished gentleman and highly educated, and had made considerable character as a writer. He expected a rare treat in hearing the speech of Gen. Davis, and supposed that we would thank him for affording us the opportunity of hearing so distinguished a speaker.

Before leaving camp for the hotel where Davis was, which was not more than half a mile, Col. Goodwin posted us in all the points of good manners on such occasions, when and how we should call for Davis, etc. He admonished us very carefully that everything must be done decently and in order, so that Reuben, of the house of Davis,

would not only recognize us as soldiers, but as gentlemen also. He let us know what orders he would give and what would be our position on the open space in front of the hotel, indicating also the maneuvers through which we would be carried before the final "Halt!" Upon halting he would give the command "Order arms!" whereupon he would call out immediately, "Davis! Davis!" and we were to take up the call at once, "Davis! Davis! Davis!" with a full chorus of voices.

All went well with the Colonel until our time came to call for Davis. Some of us did as we were instructed, but others began to yell: "Come out of there, Reuben; I know you are in there!" "Get through as quick as you can," said others; "we are all mighty sleepy." This seemed to annoy our colonel, but Davis appeared on one of the hotel balconies, and made his speech, which was mainly made up of compliments to us and good news from Richmond. This "good news from Richmond" business in regard to our recognition by foreign powers, breaking

the blockade, etc., had become quite monotonous to the soldiers, and excited but little interest among them; and when Davis touched on those things a voice from the regiment cried out: "Tell us something new, General." He told us, if I remember right, that France had certainly espoused our cause, and that a large fleet of French gunboats was nearing our shores to open every port of ours and demolish Yankee vessels. "Those are awful slow boats, General; they have been on the way here ever since the war began, to my certain knowledge," shouted a voice from the regiment. It seemed evident that Col. Goodwin and Gen. Davis became weary of the performance; the speech soon came to an end, and we were marched back to our camp to do what sleeping we could till morning, to our unspeakable relief.

While near Demopolis, Ala., March 3, 1864, our (Buford's) brigade was marched out into an old field to hear a speech of welcome from Gov. Watts, of Alabama, into whose state we had just come. We were formally introduced to him by Gen. Buford

as he was ready to begin his speech. "Howdy, Governor; how are all your folks?" was the greeting which a number of voices gave him. It was indeed an eloquent speech that he gave us, and well suited to the occasion. He poured forth great torrents of eloquence, heroism and chivalry, as he tiptoed in his stirrups, for he spoke on horseback; having, however, at first extended to us a beautiful welcome into his state. The more he spoke, the braver he seemed to become; and it was only too plain that his speech was moving himself more than his audience. In order to incite us to transcendent feats of desperation on the field of battle, he spoke of an incident which occurred in another department of the Confederate army. A daring and dashing color bearer was shot down in a furious charge; but the flag was instantly caught up by another soldier and waved in defiance of the Yankees, when he too received a death shot; then another and another and another did the same thing and met the same fate in quick succession, until there was no telling how many color

bearers there were who fell thus in that charge, the heroism of whom the Governor would have us emulate. "What a set of fools those fellows were!" rang out from the mouths of several listening privates. And "We don't believe in putting our heads in Yankee cannons for the fun of having them shot out." This, at least, made it appear that the Governor's speech, though having much merit, was not the thing needed just then. These men whom he addressed, inured to hardships and dangers, had no ear for the civilian's bugle note. They were then performing a long march, having just walked from Canton, Miss., and were weary and foot-sore, and they felt that rest was a better nervine than a speech, though it be from a Governor. Had the enemy been near at hand and a battle imminent, a word or two from their commander might have been appreciated; but no amount of eloquence on general principles from one not in arms himself did them any good. They felt that they were already better patriots in the most important sense than those, unarmed, who

would fire their patriotism, endurance, and courage. Be it said, however, that Gov. Watts made a very fine impression upon the brigade, and possibly he did not hear the unappreciative voices that spoke out during the delivery of his speech; still there was a prevalent idea that rest was preferable to listening to a speech, and that it was out of taste for the speaker to undertake to stir up the bravery of men whose courage had already been abundantly tested.

At the opening of the war there was much and necessary speech making, but when men had fully learned war by hard experience, about the only speaking necessary were the orders from the officers in command to go forward in whatever was necessary in the defeat of the enemy. And even at the beginning of hostilities, though there were many soul-inspiring and patriotic appeals in the way of orations to bestir men into action against the invading foe, there were many harangues which were too enthusiastic, if possible, and calculated to make us believe that war was but a pleasant pastime, a kind

of holiday recreation, when carried on with the Yankees. Numbers of men, under the sudden impulse of daring inspired by these speeches of fiery and flighty zealots, and believing that it was a mere "breakfast spell" to crush out our Yankee haters, rushed hurriedly to the front, only to realize that our war was not only not a merry holiday frolic, but a most serious and terrific encounter, involving hardness of service and untold suffering and slaughter, who, being overwhelmed presently with consternation, they had not the heart to endure. Not having had a proper conception of what war was before engaging in it, there were many who were driven away by its horrors. The speech makers of the effervescent kind had told them that hunting Yankees was better fun than hunting squirrels, and they suddenly found, to their uncontrollable dismay, that they themselves were being hunted to the death.

I recall a speech that I heard at McWhirtersville, six miles from Nashville on the Lebanon pike, in 1861, while the "Hermit-

age Guards," a company of the Twentieth Tennessee Regiment, was being formed, in which we were told that the whites of the Yankees' eyes would be fine targets for Tennessee marksmen, and that their squirrel rifles were as good army guns as they needed. It was at a time that the state government was calling upon the citizens to furnish such guns as they had that could be used for army purposes, we having gone to war without anything like a supply of guns. I had already furnished a large-bore Sharp's rifle and a double-barrel shot gun, which were capable of doing good service in good hands, but on hearing of the fun there would be in drawing a bead on the whites of Yankees' eyes, and having a long, small-bore rifle, formerly the property of my father, and which he had had made for hunting squirrels with, I carried that into Nashville at the earliest opportunity and turned it over to the government as an army gun, although I prized it very much as a kind of heirloom. Of course I threw away my rifle, it being altogether unsuited for the battlefield.

CHAPTER V.

OURS being an infantry company, our movements, when not on foot, were by such means of transportation as the government would furnish for special emergencies; and with the exception of a small amount of steamboat travel, we were transported on railroads, the approximate extent of which has already been indicated. The government would charter for the time being the trains and boats that we would travel on. Our boat travel was almost altogether between Selma and Montgomery, on the Alabama River; going first up the river from Selma to Montgomery, April 16 and 17, 1863, on the steamer "Le Grande," and then down the river from Montgomery to Selma, April 21 and 22, on the steamer "St. Charles." This was on our trip from Jackson to Chattanooga, and we returned over the same route. Only the lower decks of the boats were chartered for the soldiers, and they, as at all

other times, carried with them their own rations drawn from the army commissaries. Only the officers were allowed to take passage in the cabin, and they had to pay the steamboat clerk as other passengers do. Luckily, and for a rarity, I had the money to take cabin passage, which comprehended such luxuries as soldiers were not wont to enjoy: sitting on a chair, eating at a table, and lying on a berth. The noncommissioned officers and privates, called the "men," were commanded to stay on the lower deck, but they soon gave no heed to the order, and made themselves free and easy in all parts of the boat, and those who had the money to pay for meals would do so, and sit with the regular passengers at the dinner table. The officers and men were too intimately associated in the hardships of army life, and too much identified in their feelings, for an order like this to have permanent force, which, indeed, meant no more than that the government had only contracted for our transportation on deck.

These two steamboat rides on the Alabama

River were quite refreshing to most of us, although the men were too much crowded for lying down comfortably; altogether, however, it was a merry recreation that they enjoyed, owing largely to the mode of travel varying from what they had been accustomed to, and but for the night time spent on the river the rides would have been exceedingly exhilarating.

On the same "round trip," so to speak, between Jackson and Chattanooga, we were transported from McDowell's Station to Demopolis, on the Tombigbee River, and returned from the latter to the former place on the steamer "Marengo;" but that was only a ferrying arrangement of four miles distance. Also, on our final trip, when we were going from Mississippi to North Carolina, we were taken in a steamer across Mobile Bay and up Tensas Bayou to Tensas Station to take the train.

The traveling of soldiers on railroad trains was in some respects better than the marches we had to make, but in others it was not, and in no sense was it a luxury only inasmuch

as it afforded temporary relief to our feet, and an opportunity for seeing the towns and people along the route. It was impossible to find on any of the roads sufficient transportation in passenger coaches for a command of any considerable size, and so we were put to the necessity of taking box and open cars, and it was even then needful that as many of us get on them as they could possibly hold, loading the tops of the box cars as well as their inside. We generally had but little sitting room on the floors of the cars, and never, that I recall, could we all lie down at once. As to seats being furnished, that was out of the question. If many soldiers were to be transported at one time, a number of long trains were loaded, and started off in quick succession, one after another, just far enough apart to avoid running into each other. Frequently in making curves in an open country the tortuous movements of the whole line of trains, as seen from any one of the cars, presented a most picturesque appearance, as they wended their way in many directions thickly packed with soldiers

without and within on the box cars, intermingled with flats on which almost all the standing room was occupied. The trains were generally in sight of each other whether the road was straight or crooked, except where timber obstructed the view, and their movements were always interesting to look upon.

By whatever mode of travel our armies moved we were always cheered by the citizens as we passed by residences or through towns, but when traveling on the railroads, we were enabled, our movements being rapid, to see more people and houses and towns, than we otherwise could, and we were therefore more frequently greeted with the applause of citizens than could be the case when we were marching through the country. The enthusiasm of Southern women for the glorious cause for which we fought was made conspicuously manifest as we passed along, by their bright smiles, the waving of their handkerchiefs, and throwing flowers into our midst, and not unfrequently would they have ready and hand out to us articles

of clothing and other comforts. No such women ever lived as those of our Southern Confederacy; and there was nothing left undone by them, in their sphere, to help forward our hoped for freedom from the despotism which threatened us. On the part of the soldiers applause answered applause with the waving of hats on our part and such ringing yells as only a Confederate soldier was capable of. Those indeed were glad occasions; and every cheer we received, especially from the women, put new purpose into our being to drive back the invading hordes if possible.

Many accidents, necessarily, it might be said, occurred with these soldiers' trains; but it was sometimes the case, as we then believed, that trains were intentionally disabled or wrecked by parties running them, or in some other way connected with them, who were in sympathy with the enemy. Still it was only occasionally that there was loss of life by railroad accidents. On the long trip from West Point, Miss., to Kinston, N. C., we several times seemed barely to es-

cape much destruction of life, but we got through without being overtaken by any such calamity. Possibly the engineers and other train men were all true men, but we felt it necessary a time or two to keep very close watch on some of them. It was as much in order then to wreck a train of soldiers, and thus destroy their lives, as it was to kill them in battle, and we knew not but that some Yankee emissary might be at hand ready to deal out wholesale destruction to us in that way, if possible, by bribing trainmen or by any other method that he could. Yankee hate, Yankee ingenuity, and Yankee money were ever lavish in the accomplishment of our ruin, and there were masked traitors among us in various places, who were the cheap tools of our venomous foes to compass our overthrow by clandestine and diabolical means. To these the wrecking of a train of Southern soldiers would be a veritable luxury, if only they could escape detection. These "home-made Yankees," as they were generally called, abounded in some places more than in others, and there

was a contempt for them on the part of the Southern patriot which transcended that which was felt for the most odious of puritanical "Down Easters." A typical New England Yankee was the supreme object of Southern detestation until the "home-made Yankee" came into being, and made himself worthy of our intenser odium by his capacity for lower forms of mischief among us than even the abolition intruder from the delectable land of wooden nutmegs. Had an engineer of one of our soldiers' trains been of this complexion it would certainly have been wrecked had not the fear of detection deterred him from the adventure.

"Forward, march!" After the order "Fall in!" this was the command oftenest received, and on foot was our normal method of locomotion. This involved weariness extreme, and sore feet and corns without limit or stint. It had not impressed me until I was in the service that I would experience excessive weariness. Seeing companies of soldiers on the march before my enlistment, and before they had learned much of the

drudgery of that part of warfare, they all seemed to step together as one man; and, without thinking particularly of the matter, the idea was in my mind that such was the mutual support which they rendered one another that no individual soldier would become much tired. But weariness of every grade, even to the utter breakdown of exhaustion, was the individual experience of almost every soldier among us at some time or other. I marvel to this day that as many kept on their feet as did, as the vivid recollection of so many hard marches by day and by night comes to mind.

As in all other particulars of army life, there was a great deal of difference among soldiers in regard to marching, so that after we had been on a march a few days some would straggle, while others would maintain their places steadily in the ranks; some would yield to weariness with much readiness, while others would with much determination resist it; some would continue to keep their guns in proper position, while others would carry them with such looseness as to inconvenience

or strike those nearest them; some would give attention to their feet and keep them in good condition as long as possible, while others would neglect them from the start and soon have them smarting with sores—these, and other differences there were among infantry soldiers as they went trudging along on an extended march. Ordinarily we would march an hour and rest fifteen minutes, and when the command “Rest !” was given many would drop down on the ground instantly to get the full benefit of the rest time allowed us; some would remain on their feet most of the time, propping themselves with their guns or not as they were inclined; and some would go on a short “foraging” expedition if there were any houses in sight. There were expert “foragers” (provision hunters) in our regiment, and possibly in every other regiment in the army—soldiers who could always find willing-hearted citizens to replenish their haversacks with something good to eat.

The money-making faculty belongs to some men in a præminent sense, so that it is

said of them that they could make money if they were placed on a rock without any apparent facilities for doing so, and this same trait conspicuously characterized a number of our soldiers during the war. They would manage to get hold of something to trade on or sell to the other soldiers. Some of them would hunt up whisky, with which they would fill their canteens, and sell it to those of their comrades who drank; some would find materials to make pies of, which they would get a good price for from their hungry comrades; and in a number of other ways money was made by those who had the faculty for so doing.

I sometimes bought pies from the pie makers, who would carry them through the command on boards, crying out as they passed along, "Come up and draw your pies!" But I am not prepared to praise those pies to this day. Some of them were tolerably good if I ate them when I was very hungry, but generally they were tough and tasteless in the extreme. "Fruit pies" they were generally called, and usually they did have a

limited supply of dried fruit of some kind, or sweet potatoes, or pumpkin, unmixed with sugar, however, between the folds of unshortened pastry which constituted the top and bottom crusts of the pies. Sometimes the pie was called a *pone*; and the following receipt for making a *potato pone* was made out by a soldier and given to a young lady in North Alabama during the war:

“One haversack full of flour, worked up with water alone into a stiff dough; one pot full of potatoes boiled about half done, and mashed up skin and all; roll out the dough in different pieces about the size of a tin plate, and put a wad of the potato on each piece, which is then to be folded over the potato. Bake with all possible speed, burning the bottoms of the pones considerably, and barely drying the upper crusts. Let them get cold before eating. These are elegant, and sell readily in camp for fifty cents apiece.”

On the march I made it an invariable rule to take all the rest that I could, and care for my feet in the best way possible to me; and

but for this established purpose and undeviating habit of mine it would have been impossible for me to have kept in my place as I did, which was almost constantly. A few times when the exhaustion of weariness was about to overwhelm me some horseman would be at hand and allow me the use of his horse until my strength returned. The surgeon and chaplain had horses, and with these officers I was always intimate, from the fact that I frequently assisted the former with the sick when we were in camp, and labored constantly with the latter in the religious meetings. They would readily accommodate me at any time and in any way that they could, but I preferred not to embarrass them by asking favors of them which they could not grant to all, and so I would stay on my feet as long as strength remained to me to do so, and even then would not ask to ride, but only do so after a horse was earnestly tendered me. It was a very short distance—say two or three miles—that I rode either of the exceedingly few times that I enjoyed this luxury, having been able, by

carefulness of my strength and feet, and in the good providence of God, to hold on my way with a constancy which seemed indeed to be beyond my powers of endurance. As soon as my feet gave me the slightest hint that a sore was going to be rubbed on them, I would begin to grease them with mutton tallow, always having them as free from dirt as it was possible for an infantry soldier on the march to do. The mutton tallow I found to be an admirable remedy when sores were threatened or after they were rubbed, and I managed to keep a small tin box of it with me all the time, which was furnished me from time to time by accommodating housekeepers on our line of march or adjacent to our camp. I would use it very liberally, both greasing thoroughly the inflamed places on my feet, and putting a thick coating of the suet on the inside of my socks where they touched the sores. This was done over and over again on some of our prolonged marches, and saved me from falling out by the way. Corns were formed on the bottoms of my feet which remain to this day, but I managed

to keep them softened on the march, so that they did not hurt nor hinder me to amount to much. There were many soldiers who had the flesh of their feet in places scoured off to the bone by their coarse, hard shoes, and yet onward they marched day after day to find the enemy, or to accomplish some important campaign for their defeat in some other way.

It was with much difficulty that all the men could, even when perfectly able to march, be made to keep well up in their respective and proper places, and hence the command "Close up!" was heard with monotonous frequency. It was not always strictly necessary nor required that the men march in compact column, but there were many times that it was all important. Very often the enemy were near at hand, and an engagement was momentarily imminent, as when we were pursuing them or they us, when to have marched disorderly would have exposed our army to defeat. On such occasions our position in the march must be such that we can form instantly into line of battle,

and by every man being in his proper place this could be done with all ease. If there was no enemy threatening us, and especially if the roads were bad, we were only required to observe approximately our proper relations to each other. There were some soldiers, however, who never seemed, under any circumstances, to recognize the importance of the command being well closed up, with all the men in their proper places; and it was on account of these that the order to close up was so often given. Well, there were also those who were forgetful, and those who were constitutionally careless, who also made the order necessary. Some knew nothing of drilling and marching, and, like some people are about music, it seemed that they could never learn. They thought war meant simply fighting with all of one's might, and that the other requirements laid upon them, of keeping step, marching in order, and the various forms of drilling, were superfluous appendages. As one of the lieutenants, whose business it was to see that the men marched orderly, it sometimes became

an exceedingly unpleasant duty to perform. Men with whom I was intimately associated when not on duty would seem to forget that they were on duty when on the march, and stepping out of ranks, would essay a familiar conversation with me as we marched along, and at a time when I was under orders to keep every man in his place. To promptly require such a one to get back to his place was very trying to my feelings, and likely to hurt his, but had to be done. A presumptuous private was always an annoyance when the company officers were under special orders to see that the men conformed strictly to the requirements contained therein. In order to keep one of the men of my company, who was inclined to have his own way, in his place, one day when we were marching in close proximity to the enemy, I had, after reminding him several times of his duty, to threaten him with arrest. This irritated him very much, and he blurted out: "You can command me now, but I will see you after the war is over." And, sure enough, he did see me after the war, and there never was

one friend more delighted to see another than he was to see me. His remark gave me no offense, and he was soon ashamed of it; and especially was it impossible for him to carry over any spitefulness to the close of the war toward an officer who, he knew, was but discharging his duty in keeping him in place.

The "forced marches," of which we had not a few, were exceedingly hard on us, as we had to walk more briskly than usual, and had fewer and shorter resting spells. Often, also, we would have heavy night marches to perform, and we had the bad luck frequently to have to be in motion when the nights were dark and rainy. Hardly half the men generally could be carried through these forced and night marches without more or less straggling, not to say an utter breakdown on the part of many. Wearied with walking, and from the loss of sleep, and yet being hurried along at a quick step, exhaustion would impel them to drop out of ranks and rest. The hurried night march that we had in our return from Mouth of Tippah through rain and mud, and wading swollen

streams of various sizes, followed by a rapid march throughout the next day, will be remembered by the soldiers of our command as one of those special break down marches. There were a number of others of a similar character, but this was the severest we had had up to that time. We were kept on our feet so much on such occasions that we frequently went to sleep standing up, and sometimes when we were in motion. At night the head of the column would sometimes be hindered by the wagons or something else, and make our movements very slow for the time being, and yet we would be required to keep on our feet, and move forward whenever it could be done. Those were the times that weariness was most oppressive to me, and I counted it a luxury beyond estimate to lie down but for a moment in the mud.

Carrying luggage on the march was one of our troubles, there being certain things which it was needful for every soldier to have at hand all the time. The wagon trains went along with the commands to haul our camp equipage, such as tents, when we had

any, cooking utensils, axes, etc., but the soldiers, except the commissioned officers, were required to carry their guns and cartridge boxes, and usually their knapsacks of clothing, when they had any. We all carried our rations in our haversacks, and canteens for water. Our bedding—blankets and oil cloths—when we had any, might be thrown in the wagons, though it was usual for those who had oil cloths to carry them for protection when it rained, and some of the soldiers who had no oil cloths would carry their blankets for this purpose instead of putting them in the wagons. In the early part of the war we had more baggage of one sort and another than we had afterward, and would try to carry more, but as the war advanced we had less and were less inclined to make pack horses of ourselves. Our plunder was lessened by throwing away some things, by losses on the marches, and by the general wear and tear of things. Long before the war ended we would do without all that we possibly could, and make our burdens as light as possible; and to this day I have an

abhorrence of surplus luggage, often preferring, even in the winter, to take the risk of bad weather to being burdened with an overcoat, and will put off as long as possible carrying one on my "rounds" from home at the approach of winter. A few of the soldiers preferred to have nothing except what clothing they then had on, and took the chances of getting more when this wore out, and when we stopped to camp at night they would either nod around the camp fires or crowd themselves under the blankets of others.

Much depended on the care we took of ourselves at all times, but especially on the marches, as to our health, as well as to our maintaining our strength—fortifying ourselves against fatigue. After the weariness of a day's march many would cast themselves full length on the ground, wet or dry, for rest, and would often make themselves sick thereby. The oil cloth (rubber blanket) was very important, not only as a protection against the rain when we were marching, but by putting it under us at night it pro-

tected us against the moisture of the ground, which was a prolific cause of sickness. Our mess, in making our pallet, when without a tent, would have an oil cloth or two next to the ground, on which we would spread our blankets, the top spread also being an oil cloth. It was a rare thing that I ever lay on the ground if it was at all damp without my oil cloth under me if I had one, though there were times, on some of the hard marches, that I was without one, and so had to drop down on the naked ground for rest.

I do not recall that the government furnished us oil cloths to any extent, but we had to supply ourselves with them as we did with guns, in a large measure, by capturing them from the Yankees. They were taken in various ways from the enemy: sometimes by capturing their quartermaster stores, sometimes by gathering them up after the Yankees were routed and had thrown them away on the battlefield, and quite a number were taken from prisoners and off dead Yankees. I never took but one off a dead Yankee, and that one did me no good, although it seemed

to be a new and excellent one. It was at the battle of Peach Tree Creek, after we had driven the enemy from before us, and were passing over their dead. In my way was one of them who had on him an oil cloth, which was rolled up lengthways and fastened on his body with the belt of his cartridge box after it was passed over his shoulder and across his chest before and behind. Quickly stooping down and cutting the belt, I jerked the oil cloth loose from the dead man, and went on, not taking time to examine it until the battle was over, when I found that a Rebel's bullet had gone through the roll, making many holes in the cloth, when spread out, before it did its deadly work.

CHAPTER VI.

BUILDING camp fires when on the march we stopped for the night was a stirring procedure, especially if the weather was cold or rainy; and indeed we had to have fires for cooking purposes, however pleasant the weather might be. If there were fences near, and no other wood at hand, rails became our fuel; and there was generally a rush for for them, that those nearest the encampment might be gathered up first to prevent carrying them a greater distance. And if we stopped where we could get wood otherwise, that which could be easiest got was hurriedly procured first, carrying our fuel always at such times on our shoulders. It was ever with great regret to us all that we were put to the necessity of burning fence rails at times, thus destroying the property of our own friends; but we often camped without tents, even in very bad, cold weather, when to have done without fires would have produced

much suffering and sickness, and rails were our only chance to have fires.

We were hindered much in getting wood by not having a sufficient supply of good axes. The government undertook to furnish all that were needed, and had them hauled in the wagons for our use, but they were used by so many that were not careful with them that the supply was reduced very rapidly by losses and being damaged in one way or another, and those that we managed to keep for use became so dull as to be almost useless except for splitting purposes, and were too few in number to meet the demand. We had no grindstones among our army stores, and so the only chance to sharpen our axes when they became dull was to go to the house of some citizen who could accommodate us. Those of us who could buy began to supply ourselves with axes whenever we could, and get the wagoners to take care of them for us when we were not regularly in camp. Buying an ax was often a right difficult thing to do, partly because of their scarcity after the war had gone on

some time, and partly because they sometimes cost more than we were able to pay for them. I noted in my diary that on February 2, 1863, while we were in camp near Jackson, Miss., I went into that town to buy an ax. The price was \$15, and that being more money than I had, I did not, of course, purchase it. On my way back to camp I bought one that had been in use a good while from an old negro man for \$6. The price of axes went far beyond what it was then before the final catastrophe of 1865. Everything became more and more costly as the war went on, until nothing scarcely that a private soldier wanted besides what the government furnished could be bought by him, his wages being about the only thing that continued low. I remember to have received a pair of "Yankee boots," as we called them, February 15, 1863, which were procured through the lines for me by Uncle Calvin Goodloe, and brought to me by Joe Thompson, a member of our regiment, who had been at home on furlough. I noted in my diary that they came in the nick of time, and that such boots

were selling within our lines for \$65. What they were worth afterward I cannot recall. At the Gate City Hotel, in Atlanta, a cup of coffee without sugar came to be worth \$5, a bed for one night \$15, and full meals \$20 each.

When we started on a march it was seldom that we knew where we were going; or rather the object of the movement was not usually made known to us—the company officers and the privates. In how much the commanding general communicated his designs to the field officers I took not the pains to inquire. It was our business to obey orders, to march, to camp, to do fatigue duty, to fight, or what not, as we were ordered by those in whose commands we were, and it was not worth our while to concern ourselves or be inquisitive as to what the meaning of our movements was; still we interested ourselves very much to find out all that we could as to where we were going when we were put on the march, and the significance of all our movements. Being free men in the highest sense, and fighting for our own

independence, it was impossible that we be not concerned to know all that might possibly be found out about every campaign with which we were connected, and yet we knew full well that for the generals to have communicated their plans to us would have been almost equivalent to have told them to the enemy; for there were many who would have been so free to speak of these matters that some Yankee emissary or spy, near at hand, would have soon learned all that we knew.

It was wonderful that the spirit of subordination to army authorities pervaded our soldiery to the extent that it did, for the freest people in the world in the days of the "Old South" were the citizens of our Southland, the material which constituted our volunteer armies. Insubordination cropped out now and then on some hard march which seemed to have no important end, or in doing some heavy work which was not needful, or when having to fight under disadvantages which might be obviated; but taking the war throughout, we were too intent on beating

the Yankees back to allow such things to hinder us in our purpose to gain, if possible, our independence. The conduct of the campaigns and their results determined, in our minds, the competency or incompetency of those who directed them, and we were more or less encouraged or discouraged thereby, but the one common sentiment of bitter hatred for the ever encroaching foe dominated us all and determined our minds to resist them under whatever circumstances we might be placed.

Camp life, when we were encamped for any length of time, was sometimes somewhat monotonous, but there were almost always duties of one kind and another to be performed, which, though not particularly attractive, were valuable to us for exercise and to prevent tediousness. The inevitable drill had to be gone through with every day that the weather would permit, and this was kept up to the very close of the war. Time and again we were carried through the various evolutions of military tactics, and frequently drilled in the manual of arms, with a sham

battle fought now and then. There were also fatigue duties that were required to be done, such as cleaning off the encampment, digging sinks, handling army stores, fortifying, etc. These were done by reliefs, some men working awhile and then others taking their places while they rested. Guards must also be on duty day and night, and especially at night, and there must be details of men from day to day for that purpose.

After the various camp duties had all been duly attended to, there was still a good deal of time left to us to be employed in such way as we might like, provided we violated no military order; and herein the differences of temperaments, etc., among the soldiers were seen, as in all other conditions in which they were placed. Some enjoyed one kind of recreation and some another, while there were some who cared not to do anything but loll idly about the encampment. Gaming of different kinds, and sometimes gambling with cards and *chuckerluck* boxes, was resorted to by a good many; there was, however, but little gambling carried on in the Thirty-fifth

Alabama Regiment that I ever knew of. Many there were who, caring for their religious interests and the spiritual well-being of their comrades, gave much attention to meetings for those purposes. Of the religious work in the army I propose to speak specially and separately after awhile. For myself I found my recreation in the *interim* of military duties mainly in religious labors, reading, and writing to the loved ones at home, and other relations. I always kept a long letter on hand to my wife, when I had time to write one, so that I could send it whenever a possible opportunity for doing so presented itself. I loved the game of chess very much, which I had learned when a student in Virginia at B. F. Minor's preparatory school to the University of Virginia, and while at Grenada, Miss., a part of the winter of 1862-63, our chaplain (Rev. Robert A. Wilson) and I played it a good deal. We both, however, came simultaneously to the conclusion one night while we were playing, that, though there was possibly no harm in the game itself, still we were consuming

time that could be better employed, and so we gave it up altogether. To be sure the social intercourse among the soldiers, aside from any other form of recreation, was a very agreeable manner of spending our time. Members of different messes would visit each other in an informal way, and we would often cluster about in camp, as we fell in with each other by accident or otherwise, and talk over the affairs of the day.

Ours was not a hired soldiery in the remotest sense, as the Yankee army was in a large measure, but it was a citizen soldiery, made up of the very best type of citizenship and accustomed to the best phases of social life, so that our mingling together in the camp was the intercourse of intelligent and cultured manhood, altogether capable of the highest appreciation of those things which affected the interests of the army, the people, and the country at large. Many indeed were the pleasant moments in which we dwelt together in this way, and which both served to draw us nearer together and to counteract the longings for home, which

might otherwise oppress us. There was no scarcity of subjects for conversation, of course, as the whole country, so to speak, was in arms, and there was no movement in any department of the Confederate or Yankee armies but that was of interest to us. Through the secular papers—the *Memphis Appeal* particularly, whose printing presses went from place to place in the South for safety from the Yankees—we kept well up with what was transpiring in every direction, and with the rumors, I may also say, which were ever floating in the air only to vanish into nothing. The multitude and variety of these flying rumors, called “grapevine dispatches,” cannot be numbered. As a rule they were in our favor, though now and then they were not. The fact is, our soldiers and citizens were intensely hopeful of success almost throughout the entire war, and we were ever ready to enlarge upon whatever pleasant tidings for a long while that came to our ears, and at once stamp out as false whatever had a discouraging aspect.

Our camp employment consisted, in a

measure, also in supplementing our army rations by supplies purchased from citizens in the country surrounding our encampment, even at remote distances from it, and in reaping all the benefit that we could from our culinary department. We could generally get permission, a few at a time, to "go foraging," as we called our visits to the country for purchasing such things—vegetables, fowls, etc.—as the government could not supply us with to any extent, or we could send our cooks, always negroes, at any time that we pleased. A great many messes—most of them, I judge—preferred to do their own cooking, mainly I suppose because of the expense of hiring cooks. At Canton, Miss., the winter of 1863–64, where we were longer in camp than at any other place, our mess had a negro cook who did our foraging. His name was Sam, and he was the property of Scip Cross, one of the soldiers, from whom we hired him. He was a good cook, and as a *forager* he was eminently successful; albeit, he was more attentive to the wants of the mess and of himself than he was

to the interests of the citizens whose premises he visited. He reported one day that he had found a flock of geese which he could get at the low price of thirty cents apiece if we were willing to eat them. Of course we wanted them, and furnished him the money from day to day to get one until the flock, I presume, was consumed, or until the supply, at least, was exhausted. We ate them with very great relish, and they were so fat that we tried up lard from them, of a delightful quality at that, to shorten our corn bread and biscuit. Sam, who was always good-natured, was unusually merry while the goose business was going on; and I could notice a jolly twinkle of his eyes, now and then, as he would cut them around at one of my mess-mates—Pike Cockrill, my brother-in-law. He had communicated his secret to Pike, and bound him over to keep it strictly from me until the geese were all gone, and we had left Canton, fearing that I, who was at the head of the mess, would make matters unpleasant for him. The fact was that he was taking the geese on the sly, and selling them

to the mess at peace prices. He did not call that stealing, however, for he claimed that if he did not get them some one else would; moreover, he declared that he tried to buy the geese, but that the owner put a higher price on them than he thought ought to be asked.

The army negro, as we had him among us, I will here say, gave every evidence of being pleased with the life that he then lived. We only kept him as a servant, in which capacity he was well satisfied to abide; and he performed the duties that we put upon him with a decided relish. Of course he was always in the rear when a fight was on hand, and his big mouth would smile to its utmost capacity whenever we whipped the Yankees. On the march he usually went along with the wagon trains, and always rendered important service if any of the wagoners were disabled or otherwise obstructed in their movements.

When upon going into camp in cold weather it was understood that we would remain some length of time, many of the messes would set to work at once to improve their

quarters, though there were others who seemed indifferent to comforts of any kind, and were content with such accommodations as the government furnished. The field officers were usually supplied with wall tents, in which they could use cots and stools, and walk about in with little inconvenience, but the companies had the "A" tents when they had tents of any kind, except that in a few cases and for a short while there were round conical tents. The "A" tent was nothing more than the roof of a tent stretched over a pole and pinned to the ground, the only standing room in it being under the pole. One end was closed, and at the other end the door of the tent, and by building a fire just outside the open end, and pinning back the lower corners of the door, so to speak, it was made very comfortable within as we lay on our ground pallets. In order to make such tents more roomy and high enough to stand up in without inconvenience, we would sometimes build pens of poles several feet high, and then stretching the tents above them as roofs. The cracks in these pens we

would daub with mud or stop with moss or straw. We would also build small stick-and-mud chimneys to these structures, which served for warming and cooking purposes, a much better arrangement, especially in bad weather, than having to warm and cook by fires without the tent. We constructed our bunks above ground with forks and poles or slabs, upon which we would place straw or moss to spread our blankets on, and arranged such seats as best we could. Having thus improved our temporary abiding places, we were ready to engage in housekeeping with a merry relish. Many thought it worth their while to take this much pains to make themselves comfortable without the assurance that they would get the benefit of their improvement longer than a week, it really being a pleasant pastime to them to do such work.

We remained longer in winter quarters near Canton, Miss., the winter of 1863-64 than at any other place, and there many of us built cabins out and out, using split logs for the walls, there being a great many small

straight red oak trees at hand, and covering them with boards which we also made from timber that was convenient to the encampment. To these cabins we built pretty good chimneys of the stick-and-mud kind, and in them we arranged our sleeping bunks, one above the other like the berths in steamboats. There was a great deal of long moss on the trees in that section, and this we used for stopping the cracks in our cabins and spreading on our rude bunks to make them as soft as possible. Such was the kind of cabin that the mess to which I then belonged built and occupied. There were others that were similarly or better constructed, but some of the soldiers made themselves only very indifferent shanties, while others remained in the tents which they had; the encampment therefore presented a strikingly variegated aspect, and was really an interesting scene to look upon, albeit we were not sufficiently poetical in those days to give attention to scenery.

When not on duty we were kept quite close in our quarters by severely cold or

rainy weather, and then it was that we enjoyed in an especial manner the improvements that we had made, those of us who had taken the pains to make any. I call to mind how those of us who used tobacco relished our pipes when thus confined to our camp tenements by inclement weather. I have long been opposed to the use of the "weed" in any way, but in those days I esteemed such indulgence next to a necessity, and an inexpressible delight. January 20, 1863, while in camp at Grenada, Miss., I wrote in my diary, expecting thereafter to make it more full: "Here I must insert an essay when I have leisure on the luxury of the pipe in camp in cold weather." This was while we were having some very cold, disagreeable weather. We had a great deal of rain while in camp on Big Black in February, 1863, and in my diary of the 13th of that month occurs this utterance: "O the luxury of a pipe in camp! Would that the Muses would inspire me to write a poetical essay on that subject!" It is too late for such a performance as that now, were I ever so poetical, which

I am not, there being no poetry to me in the pipe in these times of peace. Several of us had joined in a smoke together that day, and at the conclusion of it resolutions were passed requesting whoever could to write of the value of the pipe under such circumstances, but none of us felt competent to do the subject justice.

My recollection is that most of the soldiers with whom I was thrown from time to time both chewed and smoked tobacco as a constant habit, whether in camp or on the march, but one of them, not of our immediate command, whom I met in North Alabama in the winter of 1864, gave me this hint on the tobacco habit, which I here record as a *Rebel relic*:

Tobacco is a noxious weed.

Davy Crockett sowed the seed.

It robs your pocket and soils your clothes,

And makes a chimney of your nose.

We always undertook, when in camp for any length of time, to get up the best meals that we could, but when kept in our homely abodes by bad weather we took special pains

to prepare something very nice to eat, if we had been so fortunate as to get in any good "forage." We occasionally had sugar; and would make sweet cakes, pies, etc., when we had the other articles necessary for making such things. These we ate in the midst of comments and merriment, and would sometimes send a portion to the field officers. I recall an unusually bad day at Jackson, Miss., February 4, 1863, and a pleasant incident in connection with it. That day it commenced sleeting just after breakfast, which was soon followed by a pouring rain, which lasted till bedtime. Our mess, at the head of which then was Lieut. Martin, was occupying a pole pen with a tent cloth stretched over it, into the side of which we had made a fireplace. We had the good luck to have in store some dried peaches, and H. E. Kellogg, a member of our mess, tried his skill in making peach pies, which indeed were very fine. We selected the nicest-looking one of the pies and sent it around to Col. Goodwin, then commanding our regiment. On a slip of paper accompanying the pie was written:

“Compliments of Lieut. Martin and mess.” A written reply came back from Col. Goodwin in these words: “Lieut. Martin and mess will please accept a soldier’s gratitude.”

Our encampment on Big Black was greatly saddened the morning of February 18, 1863, by a shocking accident which occurred. Some men in Company C cut down a tree in a street of the camp while it was raining, and most of the men were in their tents. Fearing when it began to fall that it would strike one of the tents, they hallooed to the men in it to run out; and one of them (Hamilton, of the same company) jumped into the street just in time for the tree to strike him and kill him. He was mashed to death into the soft ground by the large limbs of the tree in a most horrid manner.

There were a number of accidents that occurred, from first to last, on the march and in camp, resulting in the death or maiming of soldiers; and in all such cases we were more shocked than when our comrades fell in battle. When on the battlefield we were in the midst of carnage, and so were prepared

for whatever might befall any with whom we fought; but when off the field we were not expecting sudden calamities to overtake them to the destruction of life or loss of limb.

CHAPTER VII.

DURING much of the war—most of it, I suppose—we had the almost constant companionship of the army ox and the army louse, upon both of which I prepared reports for the John L McEwen Bivouac, in 1891, and these reports I shall here incorporate into these “Rebel Relics,” that war may be seen also in the light which they present.

THE ARMY OX.

It was not necessary to be a herdsman nor a butcher nor a commissary, during the war in which we were engaged for freedom from Yankee rule, to learn that oxen and Confederate soldiers were closely identified with each other, and that but for the abiding presence of the oxen the Confederate in arms would have often fared much worse than he did. Every soldier knew that. The oxen are therefore worthy of our most affectionate remembrance; nor do we think that

we belittle the functions of the Historical Committee, nor the dignity of the Bivouac, by reporting on the army ox. Whatever, indeed, was connected with the expedition of ours to rid our Southland of Yankee invaders is of perpetual interest, we take it. Unfortunately for us, be it said, the Yankee soldier came to stay; but fortunately for us, the army ox also came to stay.

There were seasons, especially in the earlier period of the struggle, when richer diet than the typical army ox, and more abundant, was provided; but it, like other sub-lunary things, soon passed away. Nor need we to have repined, as so many did, because of this revolution of rations, for, after all, we were gainers in health and strength and endurance by the change. It might have been a physiological necessity that Moses kept his Israelites from swine and put them on beef *ad infinitum*; and so Jeff Davis might have reasoned that his Confederates could whip more Yankees and do more running with beef rations than they could on hog flesh. Nay, it was dire necessity which drove us to

fall back on beef rations, just as necessity, *alias* Yankees, compelled us to fall back from position to position until we fell a prey to Lincoln's hired legions.

"Come up and draw your beef!" Thus yelled the fifth sergeant from day to day, and to this day the delectable sound still rings in our ears, though more than a quarter of a century has passed since we last heard it. "Come up and draw your beef!" It mattered not how much or how little, how good or how bad, how it was as to quality or quantity, it was nevertheless drawn, and some mirth-provoking response was always made by some soldier to the call of the company commissary. Indeed, if there ever was a condition of things that existed in our army, however straitened it might have been, when there was not some soldier ready with a humorous remark, my memory is at fault. In the dreariest of bivouacs, under the sorest of privations, on the hardest of marches, and even in the lulls of battle, the ludicrous would pop out of some one, not necessarily a wag, and often to the unspeakable relief

of his comrades who were enduring next to intolerable tension. Blessings upon the head of the old Reb who could give us something to laugh at when our agonies would have almost overcome us without it! Call him a wag, if you will, but he was an army benefactor for all that, and will always be remembered most lovingly by his old companions in suffering and peril. Blessings upon him!

But did I say we always drew the beef, whether it was good or whether it was bad? Not always. Once at least the beef was blue and slimy and sticky, not affording the slightest hint that there was even marrow in the bones of the ox that furnished it, not to speak of kidney fat. We were near Edwards Depot, in Mississippi, about fifteen miles east of Vicksburg, and it was February 14, 1863, when we went back this one time on beef, not blaming the ox, however, for what the butcher and chief commissary did. Insubordination is no part of a good soldier, but here our contracted abdomens drove us to it, in a measure. It proved to be the

proper course for us, for the beef immediately improved to the extent that it was possible for us to eat it. And, after all, how could we much blame the butcher and the commissary? We were doing a good deal of campaigning at that time, with but little to feed our cattle on, so that every day found them weaker and poorer. Some could stand marching and starving better than others, and so they must be kept on foot as long as possible. But what was to be done with those which, from weariness and hunger, could go no farther? Why, eat them, of course. And it was said, and the saying obtained general credence, that as we stopped to camp after a day's march, a fence rail was laid across the road in front of the beeves, and that those were slaughtered for our next day's rations that could not step over the rail.

Be it remembered that in those *halcyon* days we generally prepared our beef for eating by jerking it; and being thus prepared, the difference was not so marked between good and bad beef as it would have been if prepared some other way. The jerking

process may have been interesting to most of us when we first had to resort to it, but it became decidedly monotonous to us before we were through with it. It was done by holding the meat to the fire, having first "strung" it on a ramrod or stick, and turning it around from time to time until it was toasted through, more or less. The ration of beef for the day we cut into three pieces before we jerked it, to answer for our three meals, and that with three small corn "dodgers" made the ration in full for the day. It could have all been easily eaten at one sitting without any sense of heaviness on the stomach, but it was for the entire day, and so we went through three motions to consume it. Some, however, would cook and eat their day's ration at one time, and then make the best shift they could the remainder of the day for something else to eat. To be sure it was not always beef and corn dodgers, as above remarked, but such was our diet much of the time, and especially when we were in motion; and it was oftener that we fared much worse than this than that we

fared better. Some of the soldiers were wont to say that they never wanted to see another ox after the war ended, but "more beef and better beef" was what others longed for when they should come to command the situation. To the latter class I belonged, and so remain to this day. *Give me beef.*

Passing over into Georgia, a "bull meeting" comes to mind that was held in our encampment at sundown September 27, 1864, the day after President Davis reviewed the army, while we were lying a few miles from Palmetto Station, just before entering upon Hood's famous "Tennessee Campaign." Here we were shut in by a chain of sentinels to prevent us from "foraging," and our rations were so slight as to furnish no check to our hunger. A fine herd of beeves had been collected, we understood, but it was presumed that Hood was saving them for the long march that was before us. The cattle, it is known, were traveled along with the army from day to day, when it was in motion. It was really a very distressing condition of things, as we were more and more hunger-bitten

each succeeding day, and by degrees the spirit of mutiny crept in among the men. They made complaints to the proper authorities, but to no purpose, until finally notices of a "bull meeting" were stuck on the trees throughout the encampment, to be held at sundown, the place of gathering to be designated by "bellowing." At the appointed time bellowing began near division headquarters, and grew louder and louder as the crowd increased. When the bellowing ceased, the crowd having congregated, speaking began on the subject of short rations when it was possible for the army to be better provisioned. Among the speakers was S—— P——, a lawyer in my company, six feet five inches high. This speaker and the occasion were well suited. He loved to eat, and we accused him of never having had a good filling since his enlistment in the army. Abdominally he was not large "in the girth," but he was unusually long. That evening he was exceedingly hungry. No platform had been erected for the speakers, and this particular speaker was lifted up on

the limb of a tree by several soldiers when he was called on to speak. He certainly "loomed." At the close of the meeting notice was given that unless larger rations were furnished by the commissary right away, the men would provide themselves with beef from the army pens. The beef, plus cornfield peas, came through the proper channel, and the day following S——P——, being full (peas will swell), entertained the encampment, division headquarters and all, with a magnificent speech, aglow with patriotism, subordination, chivalry, etc.

While the flesh of the ox was a success (let us admit) as army diet, his hide, untanned, at least, was a failure as foot covering, called at the time "moccasins." This was tested while on the march northward through Georgia on our way to Tennessee. The night of October 11, 1864, we camped some twelve miles northeast of Rome. Just after we had eaten our supper and jerked our beef for the next day, orders came for all the shoe makers to report at army headquarters. The presumption was that they

would be sent to the rear to make shoes for the soldiers, many of whom were barefooted and many poorly shod; and never before was it known that the shoe maker's trade was so largely represented in the army. And those that were not shoe makers that night seemed to regret that they had not learned the trade. "Anything for a change" was the idea which sometimes pervaded the ranks; and so shoe making just then was thought to be much better than marching, with those who professed to be qualified for such work. But late in the night came the shoe makers back to their respective companies in droves, disgusted with themselves and with Gen. Hood and with ox hides. Instead of going to the rear to make shoes out of leather, as the order was very naturally interpreted to mean, they were required to make rawhide moccasins that night in camp, and report back to their commands for duty at daybreak the next morning. The returning ones vowed, when they learned the real meaning of the order, that they knew nothing about making moccasins, and further-

more that they had never before heard of such things. That we enjoyed their discomfiture when they returned from their shoe-making expedition need not be stated.

But some of the shoe makers—how many I could never learn—toughed it out and made moccasins of the hides of the beeves that were slaughtered that day. They were made with the flesh sides out and the hair next to the bare feet of the soldiers who wore them. Before being put on the feet they looked like hideous pouches of some kind, but no man could have conjectured for what purpose they were made. However, there was much bragging on them the next day by those to whom they had been issued. But the next night and day following it rained, rained, rained, and alas for the moccasins and the men who wore them! Just such shapes as those moccasins assumed, and such positions as they occupied on the feet, as the men went trudging along through the mud and water, can never be told; nor can any imagination, however refined, justly depict them. The pioneer corps were ahead

of us putting poles and rails across the numerous little branches that the rain had made, for us to walk over on; and whenever a moccasin-footed soldier would step on one of these poles or rails into the branch the moccasin would instantly conduct him. Ludicrous remarks and ludicrous scenes without number characterized that day's march, which were as cordial to us in our weariness, and long before night the moccasins and their wearers forever parted company. It is due to the army ox, however, to say that it was a great injustice to him to work up his untanned hide in this way; and that if proper measures had been taken with it in advance the soldiers could have been well and comfortably shod, and the reputation of the army ox would not have suffered among those to whose support and cheer he so faithfully and constantly contributed. But more reflection, indeed, was cast upon Hood than upon the ox for the moccasin undertaking and the moccasin failure.

Precious with the Confederate soldier is the memory of the *army ox*.

THE ARMY LOUSE.

The army louse, or grayback, was an army appendage of which honorable mention need not particularly be made, as in the case of the Confederate ox, but which fidelity to the facts of army life demands that record, at least, be made. Where he came from when the war broke out, and where he went when it closed, is not in the scope of this committeeman's knowledge. The grayback was never here until Lincoln's soldiers came, and the easy presumption is that they brought him along with them, and turned him loose on us. But why they carried him back with them after the war was over is a puzzle, since the pests generally which they brought with them remained. Did not the Yankees bring the chicken cholera, and the hog cholera, and women-in-breeches, and various other pests and plagues? and are they not all still here? And yet when the Yankees marched back home the graybacks did likewise. But the solution of problems is not one of the functions of an historical committee, which has only to gather and re-

cord facts. The fact, then, is that there were no graybacks in the Southern Confederacy until the tramp of Yankee soldiery was heard in our land; and that is about all that we know about their origin. May we never see their like again!

For size, the army louse was a success, he being, among the rest of the tribe to which he is supposed to belong, when he had reached his majority, as the elephant is to the *quadrupedal* beasts of a majestic sort among which he roams in the jungles of Africa. As to locomotion he seemed not to be brisk, but moved from place to place with leisurely dignity, always, however, coming to time in locating himself in such quarters as suited his comfort and convenience. He was a quiet, easy bloodsucker, and so took up his lodging where his business would be convenient to him. Unlike the flea and the seed tick and the chigoe, he did not mean to worry you when his suction pump for blood was put in operation; and really he would sometimes be nearly through with the performance before you knew he had begun,

and then you would only experience a slight local warmth and itching sensation, making it a veritable luxury to scratch. Any soldier would at any time have traded off a flea or a chigoe for a grayback. I can vividly recall an occasion when our command, in stopping to rest where there were very many rotten logs, were liberally supplied with chigoes from the logs, upon which they seated themselves; and there was a universal desire to trade off chigoes for graybacks, some of the soldiers offering as many as ten chigoes for one grayback, if the other party would catch the chigoes.

My first palpable personal experience with the grayback was Monday morning, April 27, 1863. From what I then perceived, it was obvious that they were old settlers in my clothing; but they had made their settlement, and carried on their incursions so adroitly and tenderly as to make me suspect that the itching sensation I had been experiencing from time to time was but the effect of a slight "humor in the blood," or only the product of weariness and dirt. I had

slept in a covered bridge near Enterprise, Miss., the night before with a number of our regiment, to protect us against rain, and all night I was troubled with unusual heat of the surface at large, and an inordinate propensity to scratch. Before breakfast I went up the river a short distance above the bridge for a bath, and to cool off my feverish skin. Having made the necessary preparations to go into the river, it occurred to me to examine the inside of my under garments, and upon turning them inside out I found them literally specked with graybacks. To the inevitable I most reluctantly surrendered; and from that day to this I have held that no soldier is to be accredited with perfect fidelity to all his duties who did not have the companionship, in liberal measure, of the grayback.

The habitation, by preference, of the grayback, was the inner seams of the garments next the skin, whether they were drawers or pants, shirts or jackets; for sometimes the veteran of the stars and bars could afford no undergarments, his only wearing apparel be-

ing breeches and jacket, wearing them therefore, of course, next to his skin. To be sure the grayback would not stay in the seams all the time; for he must needs live by foraging, and so would travel about over the body and limbs of the one who carried him, in quest of a tender place in the skin into which to introduce his suction pump. He often had the honorable title of "Body Guard" bestowed upon him, so vigilant was he in his attentions to the person of the soldier, over which he quietly and watchfully glided.

Capturing graybacks, when one was so cruel as to do so, was a careful and systematic procedure. This was the only method by which the soldier could get rid of them to any extent, for boiling water is no exterminator of them, as many witnesses who have tried it most emphatically declare. It is said of the flea that "when you put your finger on him he is not there," but of the grayback it may be said that when you put your finger on him he is there; so that capturing them was an easy undertaking, not to say an interesting pastime rather than

otherwise. When embarking seriously in an expedition against graybacks the soldier would take his seat on a log some distance from camp, and proceed about as follows: First he removes his jacket and carefully inspects it within and without, and then hangs it on a bush in the sun. This sunning process is to allure any grayback from his hiding place, by its genial warmth, that may have been overlooked. The shoes are then taken off and thoroughly jarred, with the open side downward, and put to one side. The socks are removed, one at a time, slowly and cautiously, with the eyes intently fixed on every interstice within and without; they are then well shaken, and hung in the sun, wrong side out. Next the pants are slipped off easily, and the outside carefully examined; then, by degrees, the inside of each leg is turned out, until the pants, as a whole, are turned, while with increasing eagerness the wearer examines every seam and wrinkle. This garment is also hung in the sun, inside out. Now for the shirt. A like inspection and sunning is undergone with that, while the soldier is no

less watchful, but much more busy than he had heretofore been. It was a kind of skirmish before this, but now the battle is joined, so far as the soldier is concerned, with death-dealing vigor, and scores of graybacks are slain, together with those in embryo, for within the shirt many nits are found. Lastly the drawers come off as the pants did, and are likewise inspected and hung in the sun. The removal of these is done with greater care and closer inspection, if possible, than was the case heretofore with the other garment, and the graybacks and nits that are popped between the nails of the thumbs need not be guessed at. A corporeal inspection is then undergone, a bunch of pennyroyal is rubbed on the surface, if any is at hand, and the soldier puts on his clothes again. He dresses slowly, carefully reinspecting each garment before putting it on; and then goes, whistling "Dixie," back to camp.

Just when the grayback got into the Confederate camp the army statisticians have not shown, but an exploit similar to the one just described, though not so elaborate, was

not enacted in my sight until the opening of the summer of 1862.

As to the general contour of the grayback, the number of his legs, the mechanism of the proboscis which he employed as a suction pump, the dimensions of his posterior department, and the capacity of his blood reservoir my memory does not serve me sufficiently to state, more than to say what has already been said: that the grayback was, as a louse, an undisputed success.

And now it is due the author of this report to say that he is not writing for the mere amusement of the Bivouac, but to put on record, in as pleasant a way as he can, what is necessary to a full statement and understanding of army life, and to show, in part, through what humiliation we had to pass in contending for our inalienable rights. To do full duty in the ranks, especially in the infantry, it was simply impossible for us to be altogether free from dirt and vermin, with the best of pains that we could take. To be sure there were some soldiers who were not as careful of cleanliness, in person and cloth-

ing, as they might have been; and yet, when we consider that there were thousands, after awhile, who were without a change of garments, and remember that we constantly marched through dust and mud, or were transported in dirty cars, and slept almost constantly on the ground, the utter futility of their undertaking to be free from dirt and vermin, in any effectual sense, is but too obvious. With all the washing that could be done (and we were frequently where we could scarcely get a sufficient supply of drinking water) and all the care that could otherwise be taken of garments and person, there was the barest possibility oftentimes of an approach to cleanliness. As to those who were not as careful as they might have been in such matters, it can nevertheless be said of them that they were often foremost in the fight, and ready for all kinds of fatigue duty. Some soldiers seemed to give themselves over to a don't-care manner of life in these and other matters, and were only careful to do what they could to beat the Yankees. Honored be their memories!

CHAPTER VIII.

THE chief significance of war is the wholesale slaughter of man by man, as army is arrayed against army, with weapons of destruction in hand and in use against each other with the utmost vigor on the field of battle; and here it is that all army movements and stratagems of commanders, in the main, converge. An enemy is sometimes defeated without a battle being fought, by adroit stratagem, one army getting such advantage of another as to render it powerless for resistance; but the rule is to fight, and to do so with all fury, that the slain may be as multitudinous as possible. The greater the number that fall in battle on one side the more gratifying it is to the other. It certainly was so with us during the war in which we were engaged, and it is not yet an unpleasant recollection that we killed in battle more Yankees by far than the aggregate of our armies amounted to, besides wounding a

great many more; so that it takes millions on top of millions of dollars annually of government money to pension those that our bullets struck, but did not kill.

The first of this month of April, 1892, in which I now write, "there were 827,267 names on the pension roll. It is estimated that by January 1, 1893, there will be 1,000,000 pensioners drawing substance from the tax payers. In the last fiscal year the payment of pensions required \$118,500,000, and it is estimated that it will require to pension those whose applications are now pending, and whose claims will probably be allowed within a period of three years, the sum of \$162,700,000 more, which added to the present annual expenditure gives a grand total of \$281,000,000. In the pension budget now hung up in the Senate an appropriation of \$147,000,000, nearly one-third of the entire expenses of maintaining the government, has been recommended.

"Great Britain paid for pensions in 1891 about \$27,000,000; France paid \$29,000,000; Germany pays \$13,000,000 annually; Aus-

tria, \$12,000,000; and Russia, \$18,000,000. It thus appears that the amount paid by the United States last year for pensions is nearly \$50,000,000 in excess of the total paid for pensions by all the countries enumerated above."

Whenever a battle was fought the number of the slain was the first information sought; and if a great many had fallen on either side, the tidings thrilled the other side with delight all over the land, both in the army and among the citizens. Possibly we loved to hear of Yankees being killed in great numbers more than we ought to have done, but they took great pains to incur our hate and compel us to rejoice in their destruction. We were interested, to be sure, in the numbers of wounded and prisoners, but the best results to us of a battle was when the greatest number of Yankees "bit the dust," as we were wont to speak. The Yankees were the same way toward us, of course, their vindictive hate for Southerners inciting them to kill as many of us as they could; nor did they confine their murderous

operations to the battlefield, but many helpless citizens were persecuted and imprisoned and killed by them and their conscienceless emissaries. What martyrdom of Southern citizens was suffered at the hands of our inveterate haters who wore the blue can never be told. War against the South with them meant war against unarmed men and helpless women as well as against our armed soldiery. They hated us all and our institutions with a perfect hatred.

Going into battle was always to me a trying ordeal, nor can I say that I liked it any better after it was fully joined. There is no scene through which man is called to pass that is comparable to those which characterize the field of battle. It exhibits the mightiest possible tumult of rage among men, a very pandemonium on earth. The close and constant thunderous outbursts of artillery, and explosions of shells thrown from it into the ranks of men, the interminable flash and rattle of musketry, and the whistling, whizzing tones of the missiles of death which issue momentarily from it; the long, loud yells of

irate men striving with their best manhood for the mastery, and nerving each other to the utmost feats of valor; opposing lines of soldiery rushing recklessly against each other until the earth seems to moan and shudder under their feet; the constantly toppling to the ground of the slain and wounded men—this much and more attaches to the surging billows of discordant men as they come together in the battle's front. The yell raised by our men as they advanced against the Yankees was, and is, known as the "Rebel yell," and was as loud and prolonged as the "sound of many waters." No such noise of human voices was ever heard on earth before. It was the voice of hope and valor combined, and was a perpetual inspiration to our lines while the conflict raged, helping us in the achievement of many, many victories. No such sound could emanate from the throats of the Yankees, who fought not as freemen, but as hirelings.

While such scenes as these were being enacted in the front by those who bore the brunt of the battle, close behind were the in-

firmly corps, with litters in hand and gathering up and bearing off to the field hospital in the rear the wounded as they fell, that the surgeons might give them such immediate and sufficient attention as was possible under the circumstances. And there, of all other places belonging to warfare, is where battle horrors reach their climax, the touches of sympathy for the suffering are most keenly felt, and the bitterest of hate is contracted for those who thus disabled our comrades.

And here I will pause to say that it was most difficult oftentimes to tell how a wound would result, and to tell of an incident that occurred in connection with a wounded soldier when we were in line in front of Atlanta.

As soon as the field hospital was established and the litter bearers began bringing in the wounded, the surgeons would give the first attention to those in most danger of dying, if they had any hope of saving them, and those considered as not being dangerously wounded would be attended to last. Of course where there were more wounded than the surgeons could look after carefully and

promptly, some were left unserved until it was too late to do them any good, who might have been saved from dying if attended to at once. It came to be a notable fact that a very slight wound, remote from any vital organ, often proved fatal, and that a most severe wound, which seemed to make recovery impossible, would get well. In every conceivable way, I might say, were men wounded by shot and shell from the enemy; and many died of their wounds who it seemed ought to have recovered, while many recovered whose wounds seemed inevitably fatal.

Of the incident to which I alluded I will now speak. July 22, 1864, the day that Hardee's corps whipped the Yankee's in the afternoon on our right, our division was in the trenches in front of Atlanta, and so constantly under fire from the enemy, who, however, were not disposed to move against us, that we were in danger of being shot if we exposed ourselves but for a moment. Yankee shells were also passing over our heads into Atlanta, though frequently they would

burst above us, sending many of their fragments down among us. Just over a bare hill to our rear were some surgeons and a portion of our infirmary corps, with arrangements provided to care for and protect any that might be wounded on the main line. Lieut. James H., of the Thirty-fifth Alabama Regiment, at that time, as I now recall, a supernumerary officer, on account of the consolidation of the remnant of his company with another, was that day with those beyond the hill, lying on the ground not far from our surgeon's quarters. Sometime in the forenoon a messenger came hurriedly from him to me, bearing the information that he was mortally wounded and in a dying condition, and the request that I go instantly to him and pray for him. The request was promptly complied with, though the danger was very great of being struck by a shot from the enemy's guns in passing to and fro over the untimbered hill. I took with me Lieut. B. M. Faris, my ever faithful coworker in the religious meetings in our command, and who felt the same interest in Lieut. H. then that I did. While

lying down a bombshell had burst above him, and sent one of its large rugged fragments down through his right side just under his ribs, opening a great gash into the cavity, and severely wounding his liver. The surgeon, having examined the wound, had told him that he could do nothing for him, and that he could live but a short while. He felt that he was not prepared for death and the judgment, and wanted to make such preparation as he could, with our assistance, the few moments that he had to live. He was in great distress of mind and anguish of soul, as he contemplated and spoke of his lost spiritual condition. He declared that he could easily bear his wound and the thought of going so soon into eternity if he was only at peace with God. He expressed great fears that, having sinned so long, his case was now as hopeless in a religious sense as it was certain that he would soon be dead; and he reproached himself bitterly for not having given his heart and life to God before he came to the extremity he was then in. With regrets and grief he was absolute-

ly overwhelmed, and was fast yielding to despair. The gloominess in his case exceeded any experience of the kind that ever came under my observation. By prayer and song and counsel Faris and I eagerly and tearfully did all that we could to help him to Jesus the short while that we could remain with him. We knew not at what moment the enemy would advance upon our lines, an event that was hourly and hopefully looked for, and so we must return to our regiment as quickly as we could. A pause thus in the midst of "war's alarms" to encourage a dying comrade to trust for salvation in the compassionate Saviour of fallen humanity, who would not that any should perish, but that all should come unto him and live, was to Faris and me most touching and profitable, and we rejoiced in the opportunity that we had to do him all the good that we could. We had often talked with and prayed for mourners in our religious meetings in camp, but we were never before so situated that we could render such assistance to one supposed to be in a dying condition. We thought we

saw some indication of hope come to him before we left him. As we were in the act of returning to the front the thought occurred to me to make a close examination of his wound, and I did so. My impression was that it would kill him very soon, but that there was a possibility of his recovery if he could get the attention that he needed, and I candidly told him what I thought of his case. "O no," said he, "I cannot get well under any circumstances with this great hole in my side, but if the good Lord will but spare my life now he shall have every moment of my service hereafter." Such was the pledge he made voluntarily to God as he in almost utter hopelessness confronted eternity.

After we left him he was quietly borne away to the hospital, and to the unutterable astonishment of most of those who saw his wound, in course of time recovered. Did he give his heart and life then to God, in keeping with the vow that he made in the day of his calamity? I have never seen him since the day that he was wounded, but I have often heard from others since his recovery, and

since the war ended, that his vow was forgotten when the danger period passed. Alas! how often is it thus that man forgets the pledges that he makes to God when death is imminent, after there is no longer any special fear of dying!

Returning to the battle scenes and experiences, I have mentioned that going into battle was always a fearful thing to me, and that it was none the less so while it continued to rage. Life was always dear to me, while about death—physical death—there ever hung a cloud of gloom. My peace was made with God before the war was begun, and was maintained throughout it, and hope, even in the day of battle, was ever to me as “an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast, and which entered into that within the vail,” but the shock of battle and the imminent peril in which it involved me brought to my mind apprehensions of being slain and the thought of separation from my family which were altogether uncomfortable. Whatever might have been the case with any others, it is a fact in mine that the sternest

demands of duty impelled me to take up arms against Lincoln's invaders. I fought from principle, and subjected myself to all the dangers of warfare rather than be a willing bond servant of the bloodthirsty and lawless tyrant that we believed Abraham Lincoln to be. Such was the prompting, no doubt, of the great body of soldiers who fought on the side of the South, but in the hour of battle they went forward with a variety of impulses and emotions. There were some with whom the sense of danger was so oppressive that they had to be literally pushed along as we advanced upon the enemy, being overcome by a dread of death, which to them was very humiliating; patriots they were, nevertheless, and often fought like tigers when the battle was fully joined. There were those who moved steadily onward from the opening to the close of the engagement, who, though fully recognizing their danger almost every moment, were held in their places by a sense of self-respect, preferring rather to die on the front line than dishonor themselves by evading duty of so

important a kind—the highest duty of the soldier. Some despised Yankees with such a perfect hatred, and had such a relish for shooting them, that they seemed to regard the battlefield as but a grand opportunity for slaughtering them, seeming actually to forget that they themselves were also being shot at. Some were constitutionally intrepid, and had every appearance of being strangers to fear, however furious and bloody the battle might rage about them. The spirit of patriotism and principle possessed others, and supported them throughout all the phases of the field of carnage. It soon came to be a notable fact that the fighting men at home, commonly known as “bullies,” made the poorest show of courage on the battlefield, and that those who shrank from personal combat at home fought most heroically amidst the storm of bullets in war.

There were those among us, not a great many, whose valor was chiefly instigated by a desire for promotion, and who often rushed heedlessly and recklessly into danger in order to attract attention and come into repute

as being extraordinarily courageous. To what extent their ambitious longings were gratified I have no means of knowing, but there is reason to believe that some who were thus actuated to expose their lives unnecessarily who would not have been killed if they had not undertaken to outdo their comrades in the mere exhibitions of gallantry, and placed themselves in exposed positions when there was no need for them to have done so. A lieutenant in the Thirty-fifth Alabama Regiment had this morbid longing for promotion, and was wont to say that he intended to secure promotion for gallantry on the field or be slain in the undertaking. He was indeed a gallant young officer, and thoroughly imbued with the spirit of patriotism and chivalry, but he would throw himself forward, and out of his proper place in the line, as though to urge on his men, when no such demonstration was in demand, and finally fell in the battle of Franklin, without having reached the high goal of his ambition.

Surely battle is horrible to contemplate, and the wonder is that men in any consider-

able numbers can become nerved for such raging conflict and remorseless butchery. With all the patriotism, ambition, courage, or what not, that men may possess, it is doubtless a fact that most of them shudder from apprehensions of being slain as they move forward into this terrible arena of carnage. Some commanders bethought themselves of what might be called the universal dread of the horrors of the battlefield, and took advantage of it in throwing their columns with the utmost precipitancy and fury against the enemy. Such was unquestionably the policy of Gen. N. B. Forrest, our most renowned and most successful cavalry chieftain, whenever he struck the Yankees. Not long after the close of the war, while he was having built a portion of the eastern section of the Memphis and Little Rock railroad, I traveled with him on a Memphis and St. Francis River steamboat from Memphis to Madison, a few miles from where his construction camp was, and had a number of interesting conversations with him about his modes of warfare. I asked him, among va-

rious other questions, how it was that he had such uniform success in beating the Yankees, notwithstanding he fought continually against such great odds. He said he considered that men, as a rule, regarded with horror and consternation the field of battle, and that his aim was at the first onset to make it appear as shocking to the enemy as he possibly could, by throwing his entire force against them at once in the fiercest and most warlike manner possible. He would thus overawe and demoralize the Yankees at the very start, and then by a constant repetition of blows, with unabated fury, to prevent them from recovering from their consternation, he would soon have them within his power—killing, capturing, and driving them with but little difficulty.

Many of our soldiers were not Christians, but there were the fewest number of them, if any, who were willing to give any exhibitions of wickedness during the fight, or to have with them any evidences of dissipation. If they had whisky in their canteens, it would be poured out or left in the rear; and if they

had cards in their pockets, they would be thrown away. They may not have often read the Bibles their mothers and fathers and sisters gave them when they enlisted in the army, but when an engagement was imminent these blessed books were slipped into the breast pockets of their jackets, often replacing decks of cards, which they carried on the march and played with in camp. If they should be slain in the fight, it was their preference to have God's word in their keeping when they fell, rather than that they should be found dead with cards in their possession. And quite often did the Bible become a life preserver to the soldier that had it in his pocket; the bullet striking that, and being arrested or glancing off, which would otherwise have buried itself in his body.

It was exceedingly seldom that the command to which I belonged fought behind breastworks, but we built miles and miles of them in the expectation of being attacked by the Yankees in them, and it was remarkable with what facility some of our soldiers could do this kind of work. We would dig

long trenches to get into, throwing the dirt on the side next the enemy, using also rails and other timber against which to mound the dirt when it was so that we could. These were often exceedingly important for protection against the shots of the enemy, though the battle be not fully joined, and had to be made very hurriedly; and it was then particularly that the competency of some of our men for such work was displayed. These were not noted for timidity in battle particularly, but they were somewhat famous for finding and making hiding places from bullets. I see before me a tall, athletic man of my company who belonged to this class carrying a cart load of rails on his shoulders and back to make a quick protection against Yankee bullets. The digging we did with spades and shovels furnished by the government, and with these our specially safety-seeking men could "bury" themselves out of reach of immediate danger with astonishing rapidity. Other soldiers there were who seemed to have no talent or energy or care for the work of

fortifying, and would only go at it like some citizens work roads, because they were ordered to do so.

After all our trench digging and fortifying otherwise, we had mainly to do our fighting on the open field, or assault the Yankees in their fortifications. Had they been as ready to move against us as we were to advance upon them, our hastily constructed breast-works would not have deterred them to the extent that they did, with their outnumbering forces, from bringing on the attack. It was nothing to their credit that they were constantly shying around us in our slight earthworks; nor that they were four years in doing, with their vast armies and resources, what they set about to do with one stroke. There is certainly no room for boasting to the enemies of the South for what they achieved, with their 3,000,000 of men to our 600,000.

The poisoning of some of our soldiers by Grant's doctors or druggists may as well be mentioned in this connection. He captured Jackson, Miss., in May, 1863, and some of

the druggists there procured a lot of quinine for us from his medical department before he left, which was in a very short while after the capture. When we got back to Jackson after he left there we procured for the sick of our command some of the quinine, which was heavily mixed with morphine. This note of May 23, 1863, while we were at Jackson, was made at the time in my diary: "Hec. Thompson, of our regiment, and several other men in our brigade are poisoned by taking quinine which was left in the drug stores here by the Yankees, and which contains a large amount of morphine. Two have already died, and Hec. looks like he cannot possibly live. It is horrible to think that any human beings will adopt such a mode of warfare. That, combined with the purposes of our enemies, otherwise made manifest, constitutes them the most barbarous and wicked people on the face of the earth." It was understood that arsenic was also found in some of the quinine which others of our surgeons got hold of.

CHAPTER IX.

THE line and extent of the movements of that portion of the Confederate army with which the Thirty-fifth Alabama Regiment was connected have already been hurriedly indicated, without pausing at each of the several stages of our various campaigns to note everything that transpired in connection with our movements. A number of relics of our war experience, observation, etc., have been gathered up here and there as we went along, that seemed worthy of preservation. I now wish to drop back on our track again, and gather up others that I have purposely left till this time.

After the evacuation of Corinth, May 29, 1862, the first important stage that we reached, so far as we knew, was Vicksburg. Here the command remained from the time of its arrival, the night of June 28, until July 27. The place selected for our encampment was two miles back from Vicksburg, in a

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beautiful cove, covered over with a dense carpeting of Bermuda grass, upon which we loved to loll and sleep whenever we were in camp. Col. Robertson, then commanding our regiment, had his tent stretched under an enormous cottonwood tree, which, when the sun was in a certain position, would shade almost our entire encampment. The boughs were very large and long, and some of them, we were told, served as a gallows upon which a number of John A. Murrell's murdering and thieving gang were hung in other days.

Vicksburg was then being bombarded ever and anon by the Yankee gunboats on the Mississippi River, and our business was to picket the river above and below the city, but principally above. Our encampment was out of reach of their shells, but most of our time we were on the river, and in easy range of them. We had heavy batteries planted at Vicksburg, and sometimes our picket post was between them and the enemy's gunboats the huge shells from both ways passing over us, and sometimes bursting above us. The

falling to the ground of the fragments of these exploded shells made a most hideous noise as they rushed down through the atmosphere and beat their way into the ground about us. Whenever the Yankees would detect our whereabouts they would be sure to treat us to a shelling. This we had to endure without any chance, with our small arms, to return the compliment, or else to take another position unknown to them. It is a most uncomfortable experience, that of enduring a cannonading without any chance to move against the battery; and this was what was meant by being at Vicksburg when we were there, so far as military operations were concerned.

It was also a place of flux and mosquitoes. A great many of our soldiers had the flux, which was generally very severe, and a considerable number of them died with it. When on picket, the mosquitoes were as intolerable as it is possible for them to be. We could not have fires in the daytime to smoke them off, lest the enemy would see the smoke, and thus learn our position, nor at

night lest they would see the light; and so, having located us, begin to shell us. A few got pieces of mosquito bar to put over their faces and hands, but there was but little of that material to be found. We could fight them off in a measure when we were awake and on duty, but when we were off duty, and an opportunity afforded us to sleep, then it was that they became our diligent and inveterate tormentors. They were not so bad back at camp, and there we could smoke them off with our fires, but the greater portion of the time we were out on picket.

Our gunboat "Arkansas" came out of the Yazoo River, where it had been constructed, into the Mississippi, and down through the enemy's fleet to Vicksburg, Tuesday, July 15. The Yankee commodore, knowing that it was coming, put his boats in position to sink or capture it, as he supposed; but he was sorry enough before the job was over with that he had engaged in any such undertaking, for two of his boats, we learned, were sunk in the conflict and others badly disabled by the "Arkansas," while the rest of the fleet

sought safety in flight. We were not in a position to see the conflict, though it was no great distance from us, but the sound of this naval battle of one Confederate against many (about twenty, we heard) Yankee boats was exceedingly interesting to listen to, the thunder of the heavy guns exceeding any artillery firing that we had heard up to that time; and as soon as we learned the result of the engagement we persuaded ourselves that the cannonading was musical in a most charming sense.

The "Arkansas" suffered but little, and landed for slight repairs at our picket post. It was a strange-looking water monster, apparently made out of railroad iron, and most of it beneath the edge of the water. While lying here, the second day after its arrival, the Yankee fleet began a fierce bombardment of it and us, which lasted some time; until, indeed, the "Arkansas" got up steam and started up the river, when the Yankees immediately ceased firing and hurried away with their fleet to safer waters. It was an amusing scene to look upon, it having been enacted

in full view of us. Those Yankees were not yet ready for another encounter with the "Arkansas." And they were very skittish and watchful of their safety the rest of the time that we were there.

A very serious accident occurred in the regiment while on picket July 23. A Yankee bombshell had fallen, without bursting, near Company G, the fuse having gone out. It was a very large mortar shell. Several of the men of that company got hold of it, and undertook to empty it, which they thought they did. Strangely enough, to be sure, they then put fire into the shell, which produced an explosion, by which one of the men was killed and several others wounded.

July 24, we move our camp to "four-mile bridge," south of Vicksburg, on the Warren-ton road. Here we were in a beautiful grass meadow, but were without our tents, and exposed to the heaviest dews I ever saw. We only remained here a short while, however. A sick camp was temporarily established here, and put in my charge for the time being. About 12 o'clock, July 26, two ladies in a ba-

rouche drove up near the encampment with some provisions for the sick. Attached to the large basket containing the provisions was a card upon which was inscribed the name of "Miss Mollie DeFrance." It devolved upon me to meet the ladies, take the basket in hand, and thank Miss DeFrance for it. It seemed to me that it had been an age since I had been in the company of ladies, and it really embarrassed me no little to undertake to express to them our gratitude for their thoughtful generosity. A nicer prepared and more ample supply of delicacies I have never seen in one basket, and they came at the most appropriate time possible. They were divided out with much care among the sick soldiers, and refreshed both their bodies and spirits very much. As I remember, Miss DeFrance furnished the provisions, and had the other young lady, whose name I cannot recall, to come along with her as company. Both were quite intelligent and modest, and thoroughly Southern in sentiment. The former I mention in my diary as the "curly-haired Rebel," her hair being arranged in

very tasty ringlets. That was July 26, 1862. We cannot but hope that only good fortune has befallen this fair benefactress of those sick soldiers, and her companion, all these years since then.

Breckenridge's Division, to which the Thirty-fifth Alabama Regiment still belonged, was sent from Vicksburg to Baton Rouge to whip some Yankees at that place, which it did very effectually August 5. The full purpose of that movement and what was gained by that victory were only conjectural to those of no higher rank than I was. By very hard fighting in this battle the Thirty-fifth Alabama saved the gallant Third and Seventh Kentucky Regiments from being flanked by the enemy, and ever after there was a specially strong attachment between our regiment and the Kentuckians of our brigade. But all the regiments of our brigade were strongly attached to each other, and there was perfect mutual confidence among them whenever they moved together in line of battle against the enemy.

Other movements and events than those

heretofore mentioned need not be noted from here on until after the battle of Corinth, October 3, 4. The evening of the last day of the fight, our brigade, Gen. Rust commanding, dropped back eight miles and camped for the night. The next day, Sunday, October 5, and until late at night, we were harassed by the Yankees, who seemed bent on cutting off our retreat or capturing our wagon trains. It was the first hurried retreat that we had yet been subjected to, and a day of excessive weariness to us. It was at times a kind of running fight, but the Yankees accomplished nothing that they undertook. Gen. Price, in front, gave them a setback at Tuscumbia Creek, where they were trying to intercept us, and also at Hatchie River, farther on. We hurried forward to reënforce him at both these places, but the Yankees retired before we could reach him. Gen. Bowen was in the rear on the march, and succeeded in ambushing the pursuing Yankees and cutting them badly to pieces. The probability is that they intended heading us off at one of the bridges across the above-named

streams, and then crush us with their main army, which, having been largely reënforced two days (or nights rather) previous, was then very much larger than ours, and following close upon our heels. Our commanders were determined not to risk a general engagement if they could avoid it, but managed to do the Yankees no little hurt before the day was over and they had called off their war dogs. There were, however, various reports Monday and Tuesday of the approaches of the enemy, and as we neared Ripley, a town on our route, we formed in line of battle for a fight, but no "blue coats" were to be seen. Our retreat continued to be rapid until Wednesday, and we at last concluded that Van Dorn was managing things badly. In my diary of Tuesday I said: "We are of the opinion that Van Dorn is running us very unnecessarily, and that if even the Yankees are trying to overtake us, which we doubt, we can whip them." Wednesday we made a pushing march of over twenty miles, and camped on the Holly Springs road within eighteen miles of that place. This day we

were almost destitute of rations, and our provision wagons did not come up at night, so that we were indeed in a very bad fix for something to eat. It was the time of the year for sweet potatoes, and Col. Robertson sent out a detail of men to procure some of them from the citizens. We got in a good supply, and having roasted and eaten them, we lay down on our pallets for the night with full stomachs, the first time we had had a filling of anything for several days. We had a habit of giving names to our camping places generally, and having remained here and eaten potatoes until 4 o'clock the next evening, we called this place "Camp Potato."

Friday we went into Holly Springs through mud and rain, arriving there a short while before dark, and taking quarters in the arsenal, where a number of large fires had already been built for us to warm and dry by, for it was a very cold rain which had fallen upon us. Upon the builders of those fires we showered many blessings.

Our retreat from the "Mouth of Tippah," Miss., was an occasion which impressed it-

self very forcibly upon us, as one of special weariness and disagreeableness. A battle was thought to be imminent several days before we left there, owing to certain demonstrations of the enemy and the instructions that we received from time to time from our commanders. We left there Sunday, November 30, 1862, at 8 o'clock at night. Just before leaving we were ordered to build up our camp fires, making them larger than usual. The object of this was to deceive the enemy as to our plans, making them believe, "if so be," that we had no thought of retiring from our position. We were not suspecting any such movement, but rather that preparations for a fight were being made, and were amazed when Col. Goodwin told the company officers to be very careful to keep the men in ranks; that we were on a retreat. We wondered why this was, and concluded that the enemy were in much greater force than we were, or that we had been outgeneraled by them, the latter opinion being the prevailing one among the soldiers.

We had gone but a short distance from

camp when it commenced raining in torrents, and continued to do so far into the night. The moon was nearly full, and made light enough through the clouds to enable us to see the general outline of the command and the route over which we marched, but we could not see the bad places in the road, which, it seemed to us, were legion. We were constantly stepping into holes, wagon ruts perhaps, and stumbling against one another, or falling down in the mud and water. Early in the night we had to wade a deep, muddy creek, which had been much swollen by the heavy rain, and which really presented a very frightful appearance. The moon went down just before day, and not till then did our night march end. We then built up fence rail fires, there being no other chance for fire, and took a short nap on the wet ground, which was a very sweet rest to us. As to keeping the men in ranks on such a march as that, it was altogether out of the question. They could not but fall out, and pick their own way to get along with any degree of facility.

After our brief rest we resumed our march and went nine miles below Oxford on the Coffeeville road. In my diary I say: "Last night and to-day is the severest march we have ever had." I say furthermore: "Now I know that rest is sweet." The general salutation of the men to each other next day was: "How many times did you fall down last night?" The frequency with which they fell, and the manner in which they staggered along and tumbled down through the night was a source of merry conversation and jesting among the men, which supported us no little on our march during the day.

Onward we went, without particular hurry, halting more or less each day and camping every night, until we reached Grenada Sunday, December 7. We formed into line of battle several times on the route, with the expectation of engaging the enemy; and we were required to keep our men in ranks from day to day, so that we could be ready for battle in a moment at any time. On December 3 Gen. Lovell notified our immediate command that we might be ordered some distance back

to check the advance of the Yankees, which did not become necessary, however, and that day Gen. Price beat them back in the vicinity of Coffeerville, capturing six pieces of their artillery. We went regularly into camp near Grenada December 8, 1862, and remained there till January 31, 1863, when we went to Jackson, from which place we started on our fall campaign September 11, 1862.

We went from Tangipahoa to Jackson August 28, and on the next day I noted in my diary: "Arrangments are being made while at this place to clothe and pay the soldiers, preliminary, as is believed, to a general northern movement." Such was the impression that got out among the soldiers, and when we left there September 11 we went northward, but our operations did not extend beyond Northern Mississippi, except that one day we chased the Yankees to Bolivar, Tenn., and at Grenada we rounded up.

As has heretofore been stated, we were at Port Hudson, La., from March 3 to April 5, 1863. This place, on the Mississippi River, was strongly fortified, and commanded the

mouth of Red River, out of which our supplies were largely brought. As our batteries at Vicksburg were keeping the enemy's gunboats above there, so were our batteries at this place keeping them below here, so that we had control of the river between these two points, thought to be of considerable advantage to us. The Yankees were anxious to command the whole river, all of which they had except this portion of it, and there was reason to believe that they were arranging to move in force against Port Hudson when we were ordered there to reënforce the troops already there. Yankee Gen. Banks was collecting a large land force at Baton Rouge, below here, to coöperate with the naval force, which was being constantly strengthened, and our business was to withstand the land force when it came.

As we approached Amite River, February 27, on our way to Port Hudson, the tedium of the march was much relieved by a wading frolic that we had across a broad slough, much swollen by the heavy rains of the day before, just before reaching the river bridge.

The water was too deep for the wagons to pass through without coming high up in their beds; and the men were ordered to take out of the wagons, and carry over on their shoulders, such things as would be damaged by getting wet. Back and forth they yellingly went from bank to bank of the slough, until the wagons were sufficiently unloaded to pass over; a number of men, however, thoughtlessly carrying over first their pots and ovens, which were really needed in the wagon beds to keep them from floating, and which of course would not be damaged by water, instead of their bedding, clothing, etc. This performance of theirs caused much merriment among their wading comrades, and so made the labor less tiresome to them.

Then came the fun of getting the wagons over, which were then for the first time being pulled by oxen; and fun it was, as soldiers went on either side of them to keep their heads in the right direction, and of the wagons to keep the beds from floating off, propelling the unwilling teams forward into the deep water, which they must needs swim in

part, until they had crossed them to the other bank. Such "gee-haws" and "wo-comes" never rang out on that atmosphere before, and no alternative was left to those oxen but to go forward, however incomprehensible to them may have been the commands of the numerous and boisterous teamsters. The oxen may not have enjoyed this procedure, but the men did; and onward we took our march with more elastic step because of its occurrence.

During our stay at Port Hudson the Yankees made their biggest effort to capture it Saturday night, March 14, the bombardment from their navy beginning about 11 o'clock. The Third Kentucky and Thirty-fifth Alabama Regiments were formed in line of battle, one to support the other alternately as necessity required, some distance in front of the fortifications, to hold in check and harass the approaching land force under Gen. Banks until the time came for us to fall back to our places in the trenches. The coöperative plans of the Yankees did not work well for several reasons, one of which

was that Banks did not come to time to accomplish his part of the joint undertaking.

I say in my diary of that day: "The enemy's land force are said to be close at hand, and it is thought that there will certainly be a general fight to-morrow." Possibly Banks was waiting for daylight to come, and until the fleet did what it was to do, but failed in the undertaking. To the Confederates the occasion was a most interesting and memorable one, though the enemy's shot and shell fell thickly about us for some time. It was the purpose of the Yankee Commodore to overcome our batteries with those on his boats, so that he could pass a portion of his fleet by them and above Port Hudson, so as to gain an important advantage of us. With this undertaking accomplished, he could co-operate beautifully with Banks when the day broke.

It was the heaviest artillery thunder that we ever heard, transcending by far the naval engagement between the "Arkansas" and the Yankee fleet above Vicksburg. Being as much exposed to it as we were made it de-

cidedly terrific, though our admiration of its grandeur raised us above the fear of danger. We could track the shells by their burning tapers, and the atmosphere was crowded with them, going to and fro, and flying high and low. A glare of light would accompany every shell explosion, many of which often occurred at the same time, and in every conceivable position these explosions occurred. Frequently the shell would not explode until it had sunk itself deep down in the soft, sandy earth; then out of the ground would come its boom and blaze, as though it had been shot from below. In attempting to pass our batteries one of their boats was captured and one was set on fire. The latter floated back down the river, affording us a degree of delightful entertainment, until day began to dawn, which cannot be told. It had on it a magazine and many piles of shells, and of course the men on it forsook it as soon as they could. The light of the fire was plainly seen as the current carried the burning boat leisurely downstream, and when it reached one of the piles of shells the light and thun-

der of the combined explosions would excite our unmeasured admiration. The length of time between these explosions was exactly enough to keep up and enhance more and more our interest in the charming pyrotechnic procedure. It effectually cleared the river of all other Yankee boats, which, under a full head of steam, sought safety in precipitate flight. The whole performance looked as though the Yankees had gotten up an entertainment for us of the most pleasing character, and were doing their utmost to make it as much so as possible. Finally, the fire reached the magazine on the boat, and produced an explosion which made the ground tremble where we were, and gave us almost the light of noon-day just as day was on the eve of breaking. Then the curtain dropped, and that charming nocturnal naval entertainment came to a close.

What became of Yankee Doodle Banks, with his coöperating land force? In my diary of Tuesday following this record is made: "Gen. Rust, commanding our brigade, sent for his regimental commanders to-day to go with him down on the Baton Rouge road, over

which Banks came and went, and they went within eleven miles of that place. Col. Goodwin, of our regiment, says the Yankees had a real Bull Run stampede. They thought their burning boat, as it floated down stream, was our fleet in pursuit of theirs. They also heard that Stonewall Jackson was at Tangipahoa with sixty thousand troops, with which to reënforce us. The whole Yankee army had started up here with everything needful for a big fight. Consternation took hold of them, and they made a most precipitate retreat back to Baton Rouge, destroying many ambulances and wagons in their haste lest they fall into our hands, as they feared, and tearing up the bridges behind them to retard our supposed pursuit of them. The road was strewn with numberless fragments of broken army vehicles of various sorts and sizes, together with many knapsacks, blankets, and guns that had been thrown down to facilitate speed. Such was the farce being enacted by Banks while we were wondering why he was so slow to press upon our lines with his devouring host.

Madam Rumor, the only female who went along with our army, came to our camp March 25, as was her daily wont, and informed us that Abe Lincoln, the King of Northerndom, having become disgusted with the feebleness of Banks and his army as warriors, had signified his intention to remove the entire Yankee force from Baton Rouge, and replace it by 15,000 Yankee women, with which to take Port Hudson. Mrs. Rumor did not tell us who would lead these feminine warriors, of masculine persuasions, against us, but the presumption was that *Old Abe* purposed commanding them in person, for the gratification that he would experience in making Banks feel as diminutive as possible for not being able to do with a large army of men what he could do with a comparatively small army of women.

There were plenty of female hyenas in human form north of the Ohio River in those days, whose hatred for the South was more than Satanic, if possible, and doubtless Lincoln could have gathered together his 15,000 of them in a moment or two after notice was

given that he wanted them for military service in Louisiana. That they would also have exploded the Confederate garrison at Port Hudson, in one way or another, we stood not in doubt at the time.

The evening after the bombardment, as we started out to camp, which was then in a magnolia forest, there began to fall a tremendous rain, which soon came down upon us like a waterspout, and presently the "heavenly artillery" began all about us in such rapid and terrific volleys "as to put to shame" as I say in my diary, "the bombardment of last night." The wind was very strong also, breaking to pieces the magnolia trees in every direction and blowing one down now and then, causing us to feel that we were in a very insecure position, though out of range of Yankee bullets. We generally looked for a "thunder storm" after a heavy battle, especially when there was much artillery firing, but this was the most complete success in that line that we had at any time.

Quite a number of Yankee deserters came

into our lines at Port Hudson during our stay there, and gave as their excuse for leaving their army that they would not salute negro officers. They said they loved the Union as well as ever, but that they did not enlist in the interest of negroes. They were out and out against negro equality, and much more so against negro supremacy. There were doubtless many such soldiers in the Northern army, so far as their feelings toward the negroes were concerned, and who, though they would not desert, regretted that they had ever enlisted.

The Yankee authorities expected to strengthen their armies very greatly by arming our negroes against us; but, although they enlisted a large number into their service, they proved to be very poor fighters, and became a source of weakness rather than of strength. The whole negro population would have been armed and turned loose upon the unarmed citizens and women of the Southern Confederacy, if the negroes had been willing to rise up against them, and the Yankees could have had an opportunity of supplying

them with arms. Such was the disposition of our enemies toward our Southland, as was made evident in too many ways to leave a doubt of it in the mind of any intelligent Southerner; and it was doubtless expected by them that Lincoln's emancipation proclamation would be the occasion of a general negro insurrection, and the wholesale butchery of unprotected Southern whites.

While at Port Hudson our sugar rations were unusually large, we being in, or adjacent to, a sugar-producing region. We had more, indeed, than we could well use for eating purposes. To get as much benefit of it as we could, having made so-called coffee out of one thing and another for a long time, we finally made coffee out of sugar. It was extremely seldom that genuine coffee was seen in the South anywhere at that time, and the housekeepers in every direction had fallen upon various expedients to furnish themselves with coffee substitutes, which went by the name of coffee. Parched rye, ground and boiled, came into more general use than any other substitute. Parched wheat was also

used a good deal, and had a much more pleasant odor than the rye "coffee" had. Sweet potato "coffee" came into use after the others did, and became quite popular. They were cut up into little pieces about the size of a grain of corn and dried in the sun. These pieces were then parched and ground, and otherwise prepared as coffee is. This was a very pleasant beverage, and had rather more the appearance of good coffee than the others did. In the army we made our coffee out of parched meal mainly. At Port Hudson we tried parched sugar, which was the best of all substitutes that I had ever seen; the color and odor and flavor resembling coffee in a surprising manner. Of course we dropped this substitute when we left the sugar region.

CHAPTER X.

WE did not know what was contemplated by our chief commanders when we were marched away from Port Hudson April 5, 1863; but the next time we felt the Yankees on the field was at the battle of Baker's Creek, Miss., the 16th of the next month. When we did not have positive information as to where we were going, and the object of our movement, when we were ordered away from a place we would do a great deal of conjecturing on the subject, and dig up, one way and another, a good many facts upon which to base our conclusions. Sometimes we would hit upon the plans of the generals, and sometimes we would miss them, but we would be sure to develop a campaign of some sort in our minds, and I think we oftener hit than missed, as I now recall, what was aimed at by our commanders. We also had a way of passing judgment upon, to us, unsatisfactory move-

ments, and crediting ourselves right often with better generalship than those under whose orders we were acting. And to this day I am clearly of the belief that there were privates not a few in our army who could have done better as leaders than some who, at times, were in the lead; albeit, as a rule, our officers were the best that the world ever produced.

After we had entered upon the march from Port Hudson we soon learned that we were going as far, at least, as Jackson, Miss., but we attached no particular importance to that fact, as that place was generally on our way to somewhere else; the important question with us was, Where will we go when we get to Jackson? Somehow, I cannot now remember, the impression got into our minds that we were on our way to Tennessee; and sure enough that was where we were going. As has been heretofore stated, we were ordered back when we reached Chattanooga, and were soon at Jackson and in the Big Black region again.

The battle of Baker's Creek was fought

very soon after the first visit of the Yankees to Jackson. Grant had managed to get his army on the east side of the Mississippi River below Vicksburg, and made his way to Jackson with but little difficulty, only being slightly hindered by a comparatively very small force, under Gen. Bowen, at one point on his march. It seemed that Gen. Pemberton, then in command of that department, could not divine what Grant's designs were, and so did not undertake to intercept him on his way to Jackson.

I presume that Grant had then no particular use for Jackson, only for the enhancement of his own greatness, the *hallelujah* effect it would certainly produce in the military and civil domains of Abe Lincoln, and the possibly depressing impression it would make upon our armies and the people of the South generally. In some ears it would sound like a very big thing for a Yankee army to occupy the capital of the great secession state of Mississippi, and home of the President of the Southern Confederacy. "The backbone of the rebellion is now broken," would be the

ringing proclamation that would be made throughout the whole extent of Lincoln^dom, and the recruiting of the Northern armies would set in afresh, that the spoils might not all be gathered up before they, the new recruits, could get a grab at our possessions.

Having marched into Jackson, Grant then set his face toward Vicksburg, and at Baker's Creek we disputed his way as best we could with an insufficient force of three divisions under Pemberton; the division commanders being Stephenson, Bowen, and Loring. After a pretty much all day fight, of greater or less severity, and more or less general from time to time, we were ordered late in the evening to fall back in the direction of Vicksburg.

Among those who fell that day was Adjutant George Hubbard, of our regiment, a very particular friend of mine. He was shot through the head and borne by the litter bearers from the field just as we were about to change our position for the last time before retiring. They continued to bear him along, dividing themselves into two reliefs,

in the hope of getting his remains where they could be shipped to his family in North Alabama; but soon night came on as the retreating march continued, with the enemy pressing close upon us; and the litter bearers, becoming too much fatigued to carry their precious burden farther, laid the lifeless form of George Hubbard in a hole which the torn-up roots of a fallen tree had made, just as he had fallen in battle, and pulled the dirt over him with their hands and knives and sticks. This I learned from John Hudgins, one of the litter bearers and a member of my company. Did ever a soldier have a more honorable burial?

It was understood among us just before the battle was begun that Gen. Joseph E. Johnston had arrived at Canton with two divisions of the Army of Tennessee, and that he had sent a courier through the previous night to Pemberton with instructions not to make a fight with Grant with his inadequate force, and to join armies as quickly as possible with him at Canton. It was also understood that the division commanders, and

especially Gen. Loring, urged Gen. Pemberton to give heed to Gen. Johnston's instructions, but that Pemberton "took the bit between his teeth," and determined to make the fight upon his own judgment and at all hazards. To have drawn off his army just then from Grant's front, in keeping with Johnston's plans, would have been to have given away Vicksburg, to be sure; but following his own counsels, he gave away on the 4th of July following both Vicksburg and his army, Loring's Division excepted.

Loring, having determined not to regard Pemberton's order to fall back to Big Black bridge and Vicksburg, determined when the Baker's Creek fight was over to take his division to Jackson, if possible, and report to Johnston, who was not far above there and near Canton. We had been on our feet pretty much all day, and had made a very rapid movement for some distance from right to left on the line but a short while before the day was lost, and so were very weary when night came on; but, for all that, we begun our march to Jackson as night came on, and

continued in motion until nearly 6 o'clock the next evening, resting only a moment or two at a time, with unusually long intervals between the rests. It was very severe on us—being thirty-six consecutive hours on our feet—but the movement was necessary for our safety. The enemy harassed us for a time, and tried to head us off, but failed to do us any hurt. On such a march as this was there were always many stragglers, as we called them—men who dropped out of the ranks to rest, and so fell behind the moving column. In one instance the Yankee cavalry rushed upon our rear, doubtless to throw the column into confusion that they might overcome us, but our stragglers threw themselves into line of battle and beat them at their own game, killing several and taking a number of prisoners. Loring said he had the best stragglers in the world, and that he wanted no better rear guard than they were. After the first day of our march we had no further trouble with the Yankees.

When starting on this retreat we were taken across fields and through the woods in

a southeastern direction, aiming for Crystal Springs, below Jackson, taking this circuitous route because there was no direct way open to us. We carried our artillery as far as we could; but when darkness had fully come on, and we were marching through roadless woods, it had to be left. The wagons were with the rest of Pemberton's army, and were soon shut up in Vicksburg, to become the property of Grant before long. To be without our wagons was to be without our supplies of every sort, except what we ourselves carried; but in our case at this time we were unusually destitute, having thrown pretty much all of our luggage in the wagons in anticipation of the fight, many of the men putting their coats and jackets in the wagons also. Besides the guns and cartridge boxes, with only the cartridges that were left over after the fight, the men had nothing but their haversacks, which contained but a small remnant of their rations for the day of the fight, and their canteens. In a very little while every crumb of our provisions was consumed, and there was no

chance to supply ourselves with anything from the surrounding country until the danger line of our march had been passed; and after that it required much time for the commissary to hunt up supplies of food and issue it out in rations. We necessarily did long fasting, but the men were not demoralized in any sense; for they had all confidence in the leadership of Gen. Loring, to whom they were also very strongly attached.

When we began to gather in supplies we were put to some trouble about cooking them, especially the bread, as our cooking utensils, such as they were, were in our wagons. In making our meal into dough, with water and salt, our mess used hickory bark as a tray, but some of the men used their hats. Of course we either had to make "ash cakes," or spread the dough on a piece of bark, or plank when it could be got, and hold it to the fire until it was baked.

We reached Jackson shortly after noon May 20, and marched on through to our camp, five miles above there on the Canton road. As we marched along the street,

buckets of water were brought us by the citizens, who also handed us large quantities of the best quality of chewing tobacco.

The Yankees, ever faithful to their spiteful and unscrupulous methods of warfare, had destroyed much property by fire and otherwise, and insulted the citizens of Jackson without stint. The Jacksonians never loved Rebel soldiers so well before, as they did after they had had some experience with blue-coated Yankees.

From the time that Loring's Division reported to Johnston after the battle of Baker's Creek until the fall of Vicksburg it was understood among the rank and file of our command, as has already been indicated, that our movements in the Big Black region had reference to the release, if possible, of Gen. Pemberton from the web which Grant was gradually weaving about him in the Vicksburg trap. Quickly following the surrender of Pemberton were the battles and skirmishes at Jackson, and then the quiet retreat of our army along the line of the Southern railroad as far as Morton. In winter quarters

at Canton next, and from there to Demopolis, Ala., from which point the Twenty-seventh and Thirty-fifth Alabama Regiments were sent to North Alabama on a recruiting expedition before becoming incorporated into the Army of Tennessee, under Gen. Johnston, in Georgia. These two regiments were raised in the section of the State to which they were ordered, and gathered up quite a number of recruits before leaving there for Georgia.

During the time that we were on this recruiting expedition in North Alabama there occurred a military incident, in which we were "party of the first part," and some Yankees "party of the second part," and which was exceedingly pleasing to us, though altogether uncomfortable to them. We got information, while in the vicinity of Tusculum, that some Yankees were camping on Mr. Jack Peters's premises, north of the Tennessee River, and not a great way from the river, though I forget the exact distance, and Cols. Jackson and Ives determined to bag them, if they could, with the portions of their regiments that were then in camp. Jackson

commanded the Twenty-seventh and Ives the Thirty-fifth Regiment, and the former was senior colonel. The evening of April 12, 1864, we marched to Tuscumbia Landing, opposite an island in the river, and at sundown we began crossing in two ferryboats, one of which was small and indifferent, over to the island. The boats then had to go around to the other side of the island, and take us to the north bank of the river, and it took them till midnight to do so. They were so long in going around that we feared some accident had befallen them, and that our expedition would explode in its incipency; indeed, having seen some rockets go up from where we supposed the Yankee pickets were, we became afraid that our movement was known to them, and that they were signaling their main force to cut us off. Finally, however, we were over the river, and after climbing up a high, steep, rugged bluff bank, we went as quietly as we could across the open fields to where Mr. Peters lived, and in whose barn lot the Yankees were camped. A short distance from where they were, we formed in

line of battle, and rushed upon them, capturing them with the utmost ease, only two or three guns being fired, occasioned by the Yankee sentinel shooting off his gun. They were on their pallets in the lot, except some that were in the barn and in the family residence, and their horses were haltered in the fence corners, stables, etc. It was but the work of a moment, and we had the whole "lay out" bulked together, and under guard. It was Company G, of the Ninth Ohio Cavalry, and known as the "White Horse Company," all the men being mounted on white or gray horses. It was a decidedly healthy-looking lot of Yankees and horses. There were also some very good beef cattle and mules along. It was nearly day when we made this capture, and it was very important for our safety that we get to the south side of the river again as soon as possible. This we did without molestation from the enemy from any other quarter, carrying with us a good supply of Yankees, horses, mules, cattle, guns, sabers, saddles, etc. I relieved the bugler of his bugle, which is still kept in the family as

an army relic. A fine sword and belt and pair of spurs I also took, but have since lost.

It seemed that in our hurry to get back across the river we were about to go away without the captain, when Col. Ives learned that he and one or two other officers were quartered in the family residence. Taking a small guard with him, Col. Ives, lantern in hand, rushed into the room where they were, finding them still asleep, notwithstanding what had just transpired in the barn lot. He aroused them from their slumbers and dreams of conquest and Rebel scalps to the wakeful consciousness of the fact that they were in the gentle grasp of chivalrous Southrons. The captain made the Masonic sign of distress, thinking that his life was in immediate peril. Col. Ives answered him that he was in no danger of personal violence, but that his presence was needed *instantly* within the Rebel lines.

While in North Alabama, quite a number of us who were members of the Buford Lodge of Masons, for which a special army

dispensation had been granted, took the Chapter and several side degrees at Courtland, where the Chapter was of which Mr. Baker was High Priest. We regarded this as a rare opportunity of advancing in Masonry, and Mr. Baker, a very thorough Mason, in assisting us in our preparation for the several degrees, which had to be taken in unusually quick succession, as we were not long in Courtland. Besides taking the Chapter degrees myself, I also took the following side degrees, conferred by Mr. Baker: Monitor, Knight of Constantine and Holy Virgin. These last were taken April 19. The Chapter degrees—Mark Master, Past Master, Most Excellent Master, and Royal Arch—were taken April 21 and 22.

We enjoyed our army Masonry very much, and frequently had meetings of our Lodge. Capt. Martin was our Worshipful Master, and could conduct the work of the Lodge as well as any one I ever saw. We could always get the use of a Masonic Hall when we were camped near where one was, and the local members took special delight in meeting

with us; the war, however, had scattered most of the Lodge members.

It was a very frequent occurrence with wounded soldiers on both sides, who were Masons, to give the signal of distress, and doubtless it often secured help when it could not have been otherwise obtained. Yankees and Rebels were on common ground when they met as Masons. Of the Yankees, we learned that a great many of them joined the Masons upon their enlistment in the army, for the protection and attention it might afford them when taken prisoners by us, or when left wounded on the battlefield after their line had been driven back. If there were Southern soldiers who were thus moved to become Masons, it never came to my knowledge.

Before leaving North Alabama for Georgia a short leave of absence was granted to these regiments to visit their homes, which were near at hand, and procure a much-needed supply of clothing, shoes, etc. This would have been done when we first reached there but for the threatening attitude of the

Yankees beyond the Tennessee River from us, which made it necessary for us to keep together, and be ready for whatever movement might become necessary, to fight or to retire. It looked indeed for awhile as if we were going to have a considerable *interview* with the Yankees, and Col. Jackson received orders from military headquarters to gather up and take command of all the soldiers in North Alabama for that purpose, but we had no collision with them, except that we rescued the "White Horse Cavalry" at Peters's barn from the arms of Morpheus into our own embrace. They hindered us, however, in the ready accomplishment of our purposes of recruiting and furnishing the regiments; so that when we reached Georgia active hostilities had already set in there, and our main army had fallen back from Dalton.

To the military events that transpired in our command after our incorporation into the Army of Tennessee I have already briefly alluded. On the Kennesaw line, June 20, 1864, the Twenty-seventh, Thirty-fifth, and Forty-ninth Alabama Regiments were con-

solidated into one, on account of the losses that had been sustained in each of these, and I was assigned to duty in Companies C and G, consolidated, of the Thirty-fifth Alabama.

Whatever fell to these noble men, in their turn to do, on the field or elsewhere, they did with all promptness and zest; and they were always looked to by the commanding generals to bring up their part of the line with as much confidence as they did to any other troops; nor were these expectations ever disappointed.

Our northward movement through Georgia and into North Alabama after the evacuation of Atlanta was characterized by a number of interesting incidents, a few of which I will name.

There were quite a number of Yankee garrisons captured by our troops, and among them the one at Dalton, composed mostly of negro soldiers, about one thousand in number, who had been recently armed and reënforced by the Yankees. Of course they were commanded by white officers. These negroes declared with great earnestness and

feeling when captured that the Yankees forced them into service, and when our troops charged them in their fortifications they offered no resistance whatever. They were but too glad to surrender to Southern soldiers, and thus be relieved of Yankee domination, of which they had already had too much. They turned their guns over to us as quickly as they could, eagerly calling our attention to the fact that they were perfectly clean inside, as evidence that they had not been fired off. And indeed there was the complete absence of the smut of burnt powder in their new and beautiful Springfield rifles. Only one negro's gun had been fired off, which was accidental and did no harm.

In what we supposed was a feint on Decatur, Ala., October 26-28, our regiment suffered a great deal. As we approached this place, which was strongly fortified, our regiment was the advance guard of the army, and Companies B and D the advance guard of the regiment. These two companies waded Flint River early on the morning of October 26, after we had had a dark, rainy, muddy

before-day march, and stood picket beyond it until the pontoons could be put down for the balance of the troops to pass over, and then we were thrown forward to skirmish with the Yankees. They were cavalry and they soon came to view, but scarcely offered us any resistance. By a little strategem we drew them into an ambush which we had formed, and would have effectually ruined them had not about half our guns failed to fire from having been rained on so much after they were loaded. As it was, a number of saddles were emptied, and the coat tails of the Yankess not shot spread straight out behind them, as they beat about the hastiest retreat that I had ever witnessed. The scene was actually ludicrous, and we could not but yell them on with hearty bursts of laughter, albeit we felt disappointed that we had not brought down the last one of them.

At this juncture our entire regiment was formed into a skirmish line for the brigade, and approaching very close to the fortifications around Decatur, we were ordered to lie down and await further orders. A battery

of our field artillery was planted in our immediate rear, and a duel engaged in with the Yankee heavy guns until night set in, there being no little sprinkling of musketry in the meanwhile. Our position was an exceedingly exposed one, and we suffered the loss, in killed and wounded, of some of our best men. In my diary I make special mention of "William Pettus, of my company, as brave a boy as ever fought for freedom," who had his leg fractured by a musket ball; and of "poor Marion Harlan, a Christian man and gallant soldier of Company C," who was instantly killed while in a recumbent position by a solid cannon shot entering his shoulder and passing lengthwise through his body.

Other casualties occurred at other times and in other commands, though not generally of a very serious nature for war times, until we drew off from Decatur, October 29, and went to Tuscumbia to make arrangements for crossing the Tennessee River.

CHAPTER XI.

OF the religious aspects of army life in our command I wish now to speak, having thought best to put this matter apart from other features of the war, of whatever character, whether strictly military or otherwise, and bring it as connectedly to view as possible. To do this in the most available way it is needful that I drop in again with the army at many places already made familiar to the reader of these relics, and link on to those events heretofore made known in connection with its movements the others of which I would now speak, of a religious nature.

But can there be religion in the army—a pure form of Christianity among those whose hearts throb with the utmost aversion for their fellows, and whose hands are red with human gore? Do not the scriptures of revealed truth give evidence in the negative? In such questions as these there may be in-

volved a problem, hard of solution to the entire satisfaction of many good people, but, speaking from the standpoint of a Southern soldier and professed follower of Christ, I can say with perfect sincerity that it did not hinder a conscious experience of grace in my case, nor obstruct me in the performance of religious duties, for me to abhor that spirit of Yankeedom that impelled vast multitudes of armed men, plunderers and murderers, to invade the sacred precincts of our home land, and to strike down every one of them that I could in personal combat.

We fought strictly in self-defense, and could not but despise and destroy a foe to the extent that we were capable of, who would leave their homes to come upon us with all their might, to break us down in every way that they could—in person and in property, in State and Church—when we had done nothing to provoke even their displeasure toward us, never having wronged them in any way whatever. My language in reference to them is not employed for purposes of harshness, but simply to express, in the integrity

of my heart and plainness of speech, my abiding and profound convictions of the meaning of the Yankee invasion of the South, based upon evidence undeniable and of limitless extent. It is idle twaddle to speak of our secession as being justifiable cause for declaration of war against us and the atrocities which were perpetrated upon us for our ruin, when they themselves made secession on our part a necessity. Who does not know that the soldiery who fought us cared nothing as to whether or not we withdrew from the Northern states and established a government of our own? It is but too plain that motives of a spiteful, mercenary, and murderous nature moved those who had long been our defamers to enlist in an aggressive warfare against us.

What other attitude could we assume toward such a foe as this than the one that we did? And could we not serve God, and at the same time fiercely and violently withstand the causeless and vindictive invasion to which we were subjected? From the standpoint of those who precipitated and

perpetuated with such remorseless vehemence the fratricidal war, in which we of the South were compelled to engage, let them answer for themselves whether or not a genuine form of scriptural godliness is compatible with warfare. Among Southern soldiers there was religion, pure and undefiled, and a great deal of it. The manifestations of it were abundant in all parts of our army, as perfectly competent witnesses attest, and in my own heart the love of God was realized and enjoyed in very great measure. There came to our soldiery seasons of refreshing from the presence of the Lord on many occasions which were inexpressibly glorious, and the work of grace moved on while the war lasted.

All the soldiers of our command were not Christians, to be sure, and some there were who had backslidden after they joined the army, but there were many who were devout followers of Christ. Among those who were Christians were those who came into the army as such and those who professed religion during the progress of the war. To

me it was always a matter of surprise that a soldier, of all other men, could be satisfied to live in sin; and it was passing strange that one would throw away his religion in the midst of the dangers of warfare. There was nothing in the soldier life to suggest to me the benefit or propriety of being a sinner, but everything to suggest the importance of being a Christian; and as to there being any temptations to pursue a sinful life, it seemed to me that there was as nearly no place for such things in our surroundings as could possibly be the case almost anywhere. "Death was staring us in the face" all the time, a perpetual reminder of the final judgment in the presence of God; and we were away from the unholy allurements of society life. There were some drinking and gambling at times among some soldiers, but these were not in such form nor to such extent as to carry with them the attractive force of a temptation. Few and uninviting were the forms of sin in the army; while, on the other hand, the incentives to piety were abundant, and the methods of grace were alluring.

When the companies composing the Thirty-fifth Alabama Regiment went into the camp of instruction at La Grange they at once selected Rev. Robert A. Wilson, a member of the Tennessee Conference, Methodist Episcopal Church, South, as their chaplain, and he promptly embarked in religious work among them, such as belonged to the duties of his position; so that it may be said that religion and warfare took an even start in this command. The same fact may doubtless be stated with reference to most of the other regiments constituting the Confederate army. And that religion kept pace with the military movements of many commands may also be truthfully said.

Brother Wilson remained with us as chaplain until March 10, 1863, when, owing to feeble health, he left us to engage in post and hospital duties. He was in the best sense a faithful servant of God, and did all that was possible under the various circumstances that surrounded us to advance the spiritual interests of the soldiers of our command. He was much loved, and in the full confidence

of those whom he served in the Lord. He never failed to have daily religious services among us when it could be done, which he conducted himself, or had others to do; preaching as often as opportunity allowed and having prayer meeting services on other occasions. He was also the chief instrument in founding a Christian Association and developing plans for its perpetuation while the war lasted, looking to coöperative work on the part of Christians of all denominations, and furnishing an asylum for all who were or desired to become the followers of Christ. It was the uppermost thought in my mind when joining the regiment to call a meeting, at the earliest opportunity, of all the Christians in it, and to propose the organization of such an association; and was proceeding to do so when I learned that Brother Wilson, with whom I just then became acquainted, had the matter already under advisement, in connection with others to whom he had presented it.

To all intents and purposes, so to speak, we had a Christian Association of coöperative

functions from the time that we entered fully into the Confederate service, but it was not until November 27, 1862, that the "Christian Association of the Thirty-fifth Alabama Regiment" was formally organized, with Constitution and By-laws. This was done while we were in camp at "Mouth of Tippah," Mississippi, and the officers elected were: President, B. M. Faris; Vice-presidents, J. E. Nunn, A. T. Goodloe, — Mealer, and — Garrett; Recording Secretary, R. A. Wilson; Assistant Recording Secretary, A. F. Evans; Corresponding Secretary, Capt. Taylor. The Constitution and roll of the members fell into the hands of the enemy at Vicksburg after the battle of Baker's Creek. The members consisted of those who were professed Christians and those who were earnestly striving to become such. Regular meetings of the Association every Thursday night; prayer meeting every night, and preaching every Sunday—such was the arrangement agreed upon in regard to our stated meetings and religious services. In the matter of our religious meetings, strictly

speaking, we had already been holding them after this manner in the main, but it was thought best that the Association, in its organic capacity, assume the responsibility of, at least, fixing the time for our several religious gatherings. As to special revival services, we simply engaged in them whenever and wherever we could, and in connection with whomsoever they might be begun or conducted. In our regular prayer meetings we would go from company to company, having them in one company one night, and in another company the next night, and so on until we met with all the companies of the regiment. Sometimes, however, our facilities would be better for holding them at some particular place, say near the center of the regiment, and we would meet there from night to night. Congregations assembled for preaching wherever the best arrangements could be made to accommodate the greatest number of men, and sometimes we could get the use of a church near which we chanced to stop. In the camp, on the march, and along the lines of fortifications

we continued throughout all our campaigns to hold our religious services of one kind or another.

In prearranging for the organization of the Christian Association, Brother Wilson and I, after having talked the matter over in all its phases and bearings, determined to introduce the subject at the prayer meeting in Company G Tuesday night, November 25, 1862; and this he did. Between ourselves we prayerfully considered the subject of who ought to be the President of it, and agreed that we would put the name of B. M. Faris in nomination for that position, who was at that time orderly sergeant of Company B, but subsequently one of its lieutenants. Faris was a Presbyterian, while most of us who were forward in religious work were Methodists, but it was our conscientious belief that some other than a Methodist should be at the head of the Association; and, besides, we had all confidence in Faris meeting fully the obligations of the position. Only the Lord knew what Brother Wilson and I were doing in this matter, wherein we were

planning for his glory; and I am sure that we were guided by the divine counsel. The proposition to inaugurate a Christian Association was favorably received by all present and a committee appointed to draft resolutions, a Constitution, etc., and report at our meeting the Thursday night following. The work of the committee was approved unanimously on the night that they made their report, and the organization of the Association was effected in full. The committee consisted of R. A. Wilson, A. T. Goodloe, J. W. West, B. M. Faris, A. F. Evans, — Mealer, and — Garrett.

We were, according to the Constitution, to elect officers every three months, and at every election Faris was made his own successor, and so continued to be President of the Association while the war lasted. Having sustained this relation to it during its entire existence, and being in every way worthy of the important and responsible position, it is but right that his name have special mention here. He died in Searcy, Ark., September 9, 1888, and the first notice that

I saw of his death was embraced in the following editorial note in the *Christian Observer* of September 19, 1888:

“REV. B. M. FARIS.

“After going to press last week we received tidings of the death of this true-hearted servant of God. His death is one of the dispensations of Providence that are hard to understand. He was in the prime of life, endowed with a rare degree of spirituality, together with a vigor of mind and a clearness of perception that are not often combined. He gave promise of great usefulness in the Master’s work on earth. Admitted to the ministry in 1874, he labored in Tennessee, serving the Churches at Humboldt and at Somerville effectively for ten or twelve years. He took charge of the work in South Frankfort, Ky., only about a year ago, but yielded to the repeated urgency of the people of Searcy, Ark., to the effect that he *was needed* there, and went to that place last spring. It is only a short time after his removal that we are called to mourn his death.”

Upon seeing this notice I at once prepared and had published in the *Christian Observer* and *Christian Advocate* the following communication:

“REV. BLUFORD M. FARIS—HIS ARMY
LIFE.

“My acquaintance with Faris, as I was wont to call him, began at the organization of the Thirty-fifth Regiment, Alabama Volunteer Infantry. Myself a stranger at that time to most of the regiment, I at once sought out the chaplain, Rev. R. A. Wilson, and through him was made acquainted with Sergeant Faris, of Company B. Many very excellent Christian heroes were among those gallant warriors, but Faris had special gifts and graces which fitted him for more enlarged usefulness perhaps than others of his comrades.

“A Christian Association was soon formed in our regiment, and as by common consent Faris was regarded as best suited for President, and so was without opposition placed in that position. Afterward, when Gen. ‘Abe’ Buford was our brigade commander,

we organized 'The First Christian Association of Buford's Brigade, C. S. A.,' into which our regimental association was merged. In the meanwhile Faris had become so generally and favorably known that he was with one voice made President of the brigade Association. In this position we was continued until the close of the war, ever faithfully and efficiently performing his official duties. All along he conducted a number of Bible classes also, with great benefit to himself and to his classes.

"He was a young man when he enlisted in the army 'for the war,' and just beginning his preparation for the ministry in the Presbyterian Church. He was strikingly modest, humble, and unobtrusive, being altogether unconscious of his own eminent worth. He was well balanced, steady and constant in his religious character and life, full of zeal and the Holy Ghost. He abounded in good works, and had his heart set on maintaining divine worship among the soldiers, and winning his unconverted comrades to Christ. For a long time we were without a chaplain,

and very often without a preacher of any kind; but day after day, when the situation of the army would allow it, he would have us assemble for religious services, whether in camp or in the trenches. It was an everyday business. He never failed in his high purposes, nor evaded any responsibility whatever. An everyday Christian for everyday work, and for the long pull the world over—such a Christian was my noble friend and yokefellow in the Lord and comrade in arms for our country's cause. He a Presbyterian and I a Methodist, both laymen then, we met at the cross of our common Master, and only knew each other as brethren in Christ Jesus. Our hearts were blended together in fraternal love, tender and enduring, which death itself cannot sever. Faris, we will love on throughout eternity!

“Among his many gifts, of which I am inadequate to do justice, God endowed him with an extraordinary voice, characterized for fullness and mellowness, and his articulation was superb. In exhortation, in prayer, and in song he was without a peer among

us, as it seemed to me, and yet as artless as a child. When he 'raised the tune,' which we generally had him to do, all could easily join in; and though the singing was necessarily loud, as it came forth from assemblies of soldiers accustomed to the battle "yell," one could readily recognize at a distance his sonorous and articulate voice as he carried us onward and upward in the precious service of song and adoration to our God.

"His rank in the army was first orderly sergeant, and afterward lieutenant. On every march and in every battle engaged in by his command I think he was on hand. In the military sense as in the religious, he endured hardness as a good soldier, and with remarkable cheerfulness. On the field of battle he was calm, collected, and dauntless. He fought to beat our country's foes, and had the faculty of imparting to others his resolute and persistent daring. His comrades were made better and braver by his presence among them, and no name was honored in all the army more than that of Bluford M. Faris."

In contemplating the establishment of a Christian Association in our command, those who were the prime movers in inaugurating the enterprise had in mind the two prominent ideas of coöperative work by Christians of various denominations, and of furnishing an asylum, so to speak, for all who were or desired to become the followers of Christ. A number of Churches were represented among our soldiery, and it was worth our while to put ourselves in such relations to each other as that we would have a common understanding in regard to religious work, and be in a situation to pull together in such work. Being away also from the restraints of Church-membership, it might be possible that some would break loose from their religious mooring and drift away into sin, the danger of which we believed might be obviated by having a kind of army Church into whose membership the members of all Churches could come. Furthermore, and not of least importance, was the consideration which related to those who might become earnest inquirers after truth—that they might be afforded help

in an effective way, and a companionship of kindred spirits into which they could enter with the utmost profit to their souls.

Our preaching and social religious services were always seasons of grace and refreshing to us from the beginning of our military career, and great good was doubtless accomplished by them, but it was not until we were near Davis's Mills, Miss., in September, 1862, that there was a distinctly marked revival meeting. This was not very extensive, however, but exceedingly precious and joyous to many souls. It began simultaneously in the Thirty-fifth Alabama and Seventh Kentucky Regiments, Sunday, September 14, Brother Wilson preaching that morning in the Seventh Kentucky, and that night in our regiment. Unusual solemnity pervaded the congregations at both the services, which made it perfectly obvious that protracted and special efforts should be at once engaged in for the conversion of sinners. Fortunately, there was a church close by which we were allowed the use of, and in that we assembled for preaching and other religious services

from day to day until the following Saturday night, when we were called away from the church to prepare rations for the next day, looking to a movement against the enemy that day. Brother Wilson did most of the preaching, and it was in the power and demonstration of the Spirit. A number of sinners were converted, precisely how many I do not know, and there was a bountiful spirit of rejoicing among the Christians in attendance. "Preaching again to-night," I say in my diary of September 18, "and a happy time we had. O how my soul was filled with the fullness of joy! Thank God for the outpouring of his Spirit." It was high tide with us all through the meeting, but that was an especially good day with us, which we had begun by an experience and prayer meeting at the church.

At the Mouth of Tippah, where we organized our Christian Association, there was a decided religious influence manifest at a number of our meetings, though no special revival services were held. It was uniformly our custom, however, to make very direct

appeals to the unconverted members of our congregations to turn away from sin at once and serve God, and they were constantly reminded in the exhortations that were made to them that they were in imminent peril of their lives every day. Those of us who conducted the social religious services from time to time lost no opportunity nor occasion of warning our sinful comrades of the dangers that constantly threatened them, and of presenting the blessed Saviour to them as their only refuge and security. And I am sure that during our stay at "Camp Mouth of Tippah" there were many who were so impressed with the importance of becoming Christians that they did in reality begin religious lives; there were, indeed, unmistakable tokens that such was the case.

CHAPTER XII.

DURING the time that we were at Grenada, the winter of 1862-63, we had many religious privileges, except for awhile when the weather was very severe, which we enjoyed very much. The Association meetings were delightful, and the membership increased considerably, the accessions being both those who were professed Christians and those who were earnest inquirers after truth, the two classes who were invited to join. It was a rule of the Association, from its organization, to make a call for members at every meeting, and our hearts were constantly made to rejoice at seeing our beloved comrades in arms, professors and seekers of religion, identifying themselves with us in a work of so much importance to our own spiritual welfare, and of such value in behalf of others. We had no form of reception of members, only invited them to come forward and have their names entered upon the reg-

ister, but their reception in this simple manner was always impressive and often exceedingly touching.

By appointment of the Christian Association we observed while here Friday, December 19, as a day of fasting and prayer "for the prosperity of the cause of Christ in our Confederacy and the establishment of our independence;" and an exceedingly interesting occasion it was to us. In all our meetings, from first to last, we were careful not to omit praying for our Confederacy, that the Lord would own us as his people, and for the success of our arms in the day of battle; and very earnest were the petitions that we offered at the throne of grace for these blessings to be granted to us, but it was deemed but right that a day be set apart from time to time as one of fasting and prayer in which to make special pleadings with God to dwell in our midst and save us from defeat by our foes. On occasions like those we entered with all heartiness into the service, and the praying was of the most earnest and fervent nature. The destruc-

tion of the enemy was not asked at any time, but that all their plans might come to naught, and they be put to the necessity of calling off their dogs of war and letting us alone.

In our capacity as a Christian Association we set apart and observed a number of days, at different intervals, for fasting and prayer for the spread of Christ's kingdom in our armies, and for our independence as a government; and we were very careful to observe all thanksgiving and fast days appointed by President Davis.

Besides the regular preaching in camp by our chaplain while at Grenada, we had the opportunity of attending services frequently at the Methodist Church and hearing a number of very able sermons. Rev. E. M. Marvin, D.D., subsequently a bishop in the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, preached several times, and so forcibly and touchingly did he present the message of salvation to those who could hear him (the church would not hold all that were anxious to hear him) that many turned from the paths of sin to

those of righteousness. After preaching by him Sunday night, December 28, I say in my diary: "Brother Marvin preached a very touching sermon to-night to a packed house. There is deep interest on the subject of religion among the soldiers. Many men will return to their homes better than when they left them." Dr. Kavanaugh, Rev. F. E. Pitts, and several other ministers, also preached for us, and effectively.

Sunday, January 11, the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered in the church, and it was a season of unusual joy and comfort to our souls; tears flowed down the cheeks of many warriors, and they felt that they were much nearer heaven than when they first believed.

February 19, 1863, while camping near Edwards's Depot, Mississippi, the election of officers of the Christian Association "for the ensuing quarter" took place, with the following result: President, B. M. Faris; First Vice President, A. T. Goodloe; Second Vice President, Lieut. Stewart; Third Vice President, Lieut. Evans; Fourth Vice President,

Lieut. Beckham; Recording Secretary, R. A. Wilson; Assistant Recording Secretary, H. E. Kellogg; Corresponding Secretary, Capt. Taylor; Librarian, Lieut. Patton.

I did not note in every instance, it seems from my diary, the quarterly election of officers of our Christian Association; however, we were often prevented by the exigencies of military service from attending to this matter at the designated time, and so it was deferred, it may be, one or two quarters.

At Port Hudson, March 18, 1863, Brother Wilson was elected an honorary member of the Christian Association, he having left us for post and hospital duty a few days before that time. At this place there was a considerable increase in the membership of the Association, and more than ordinary solemnity characterized the congregations at our religious meetings. The work of grace went steadily forward here, as it had been doing indeed all along before this, but a more decided and manifest impetus was given it than was usual at our ordinary stated services, and more distinct evidences of the presence of

the Holy Spirit in our midst were clearly to be seen. March 29 I say in my diary: "I believe a revival has already commenced in our midst, and I praise God for it."

The resignation of our beloved chaplain while here greatly grieved those of us who were trying to uphold the banner of Christ in our command, and caused us much uneasiness in regard to the leadership and management of Christian work thereafter. He had while with us been our chief counselor and prop, and we saw not how we could move forward without his valuable suggestions and help in other ways. We had indeed leaned upon him more than we were conscious of having done until he left us; which he did with great reluctance, and only because his condition of health required him to do so. We tearfully asked one another what must be done, and determined that at the meeting of the Association March 25 volunteers be called for "to take the lead in conducting our prayer meetings and such other religious services as it is competent for laymen to hold." The call having been made, the fol-

lowing volunteers reported for such duties: B. M. Faris, A. T. Goodloe, — Taylor, A. F. Evans, J. W. West, I. L. Pride, — Beckham, and — Weatherford. This "Social Band," as it was named by President Faris when calling for volunteers for the work indicated, was soon strengthened by others joining it. It was to us all a very great undertaking to embark as leaders in religious services and movements among our comrades, but there were some who found it particularly embarrassing to do so.

Those of us who first volunteered met together by agreement in a secluded spot in the woods Sunday morning, March 29, for prayer and consultation that we might be qualified in all needful measure for the work we had undertaken, and to make such arrangements as we could for special revival services in the regiment. In great earnestness and humility and faith we implored wisdom from on high to be imparted to us in this our time of imminent need, and that we might have the baptism of the Holy Spirit upon us, and the sweet tokens of the divine

pleasure were with us while we thus prayed together. We felt that the ties of brotherhood bound us closer together than ever before, though there was no lack of love among us theretofore, and we declared our readiness, the one to the other, to enter upon such Christian labors with renewed zeal as seemed best for the spiritual well-being of our comrades and the glory of God. Our communion with one another and with God was inexpressibly precious, and the experiences into which we entered were of the most comforting and joyous nature. To our God, to each other, and to our command we bound ourselves in a covenant which was never broken, to go forward and continue in the work which, relying upon God, we had undertaken. What the fruits of this meeting were cannot be known until we reach the inheritance of the saints on high, where, I feel sure, every member of that "Social Band" will go. So mote it be!

There was another meeting April 2, not of the "Social Band," but still more touching, in which I was called upon to take part, and

which is worthy to be placed on record in this connection. Just before dinner on this day Capt. Taylor sent word to me that he wanted to see me at his tent. I immediately went, and found him prostrated in an agony of grief, caused by having just learned of the death of his child—his only child. With tears and sobbings he made known to me the sorrowful fact, and let me know that he had sent for me to pray with him and give him what comfort I could in his great sorrow. We sought the quiet of the woods not far from camp, where we remained about two hours. My heart was overrun with sympathy for him, and the more so as two children of my own were in the grave; and I pleaded for the presence of the Comforter with him with all the eagerness and faith that I was capable of. Many of the precious promises of the Bible also came to mind, and these were readily grasped by him as a sure support. Before the meeting closed his grief was turned to gladness, and we returned to camp abounding in the love of God, and more than ever consecrated to his service.

After returning from a meeting of the Christian Association the night of March 25, I found the negro cooks, teamsters, etc., of our regiment engaged in a prayer meeting in the rear of the tent occupied by my mess, which was very interesting to me. I went quietly into the tent, not letting them know that I had returned, and lay down. I could easily hear all that they said, and was very much impressed with the earnestness and sincerity of their devotions. They not only prayed for the religious prosperity of command, but also for the success of our arms in the day of battle. They were in slavery, but they preferred not the domination of the enemy in our Southland.

During our stay at Port Hudson (March 3 to April 4, 1863) we had much religious enjoyment, albeit we suffered no little anxiety for the success of the work in which we were engaged for the Master without the presence and help of a chaplain, and there was unquestionably a distinct advance along the line of personal consecration to the service of God, and a considerable enlargement

of the borders of Zion. As laymen in the Church we went away from Port Hudson more determined than ever to keep the banner of Christ unfurled in the army while the war lasted, and to carry forward such enterprises as would best promote the religious interests of our fellow-soldiers in our country's cause.

Our prayer meetings and Christian Association meetings became more and more pleasant and profitable to us, but it is not needful that I speak of them in detail, my purpose being to speak somewhat fully of the occasions of extraordinary religious interest, special revival meetings, etc., in which members of our command took part. Forest Station, Miss., was the next place in order where we engaged in a revival series of services, resulting in the end in the conversion of a great many soldiers, and bringing unusual joy to the hearts of all the Christians. After the evacuation of Jackson it will be remembered that we fell back to several points on the Southern railroad, Forest Station among the rest. We reached this place July 29, 1863, and left there August 11.

Very early after our arrival there arrangements were made for brigade preaching, there being at that time several visiting preachers along with the army, who, I suppose, fell back from their homes as we retired. A place convenient to the brigade was selected, and, it being in the woods, the undergrowth was cut away. A good many seats were made with logs and poles, but many of the men sat on the ground, there not being sufficient sitting room for all who attended the services. Elevated scaffolds were built at a number of places around that occupied by the congregation, upon which to build fires for light. The scaffolds were constructed with forks and poles, and a thick layer of dirt placed upon them to protect them against the fires. Immediately in front of the preacher were poles resting in low forks, at which penitents were invited to kneel. We had preaching at this place morning and night, mostly by Rev. Mr. Cooper, of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, whom I had never seen before. He drew us all to him at once, and secured the

heartly and active coöperation of the Christians of the command. The order of the services, as announced from the stand, was: "Prayer meeting at 8 o'clock A.M., preaching at 9 o'clock, and preaching at night."

It is utterly impossible to express our appreciation of such services as these, which were conducted after the manner of revival services where the "mourner's bench" is recognized. There were many earnest mourners and many glad conversions, and Christians were made happy in the Lord. The preaching, the exhorting, the praying, the singing—these were all done with the utmost fervor and directness, and accomplished, by the blessing of God, large and gracious results.

Much wickedness had been observed in portions of our army, especially in the way of gambling, for some time previous to this meeting, which caused much sadness to those who were working for Christ, but after this I, at least, saw but slight displays of wickedness of any kind.

We went from Forest Station to Newton,

at which place we arrived August 12, and went into camp two miles beyond. Here we remained until August 29. The revival went with us, and continued throughout our stay here, increasing from day to day in volume and interest; it was indeed a tremendous revival in all the characteristics of an extensive and genuine work of grace. A great many sinners were converted, and the Christians were constantly happy in the love of God. Field and company officers and privates worked and prayed together, or kneeled as penitents together, at our rude altar place. There were many "altar workers," and they were ready at every service, when not kept away by military duties, which was at times the case, to instruct and encourage the mourners, and to pray for their conversion.

It is beautiful to see people seeking religion under any circumstances, but when we looked upon our soldier comrades coming to Christ we were drawn toward them with cords of resistless tenderness. There were Church members at our meetings who, at home, had been opposed to altar exercises,

but they broke over all their prejudices, and became exceedingly effective altar workers. One of them who had witnessed the conversion of a number of penitents to whom he had talked at one of our night services said to me as we walked back to camp after the benediction: "Goodloe, I am afraid I have done wrong to-night, having worked in the altar as I did, contrary to the teachings that I have received in the Church to which I belong. Well, I am sorry if I did wrong, which in my heart I cannot feel that I did; but when I saw those soldier boys begging for mercy at the hands of God, I could not but give them such help as I was capable of; for I knew them, that they were brave and honest men. After all that I have heard against the mourners' bench, I must confess that there are no reasonable objections that I can urge against altar exercises." And he worked on with increasing avidity and effectiveness and with much joy to his own soul.

Ever since my connection with the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, I had been very fond of the "mourners' bench" exer-

cises, and of course did what I could to help the mourning soldiers to Christ; and I praise God that I have often been permitted to see those with whom I have labored and prayed accept him in faith and love. During our army meetings some of my most delightful religious experiences were caused by seeing those profess religion in whom, in the name of the Lord, I had taken special interest. In my diary of August 26 I made a note of the conversion of William Myers while lying in my lap. It was at the night service, and the altar place was filled with mourners, Myers among the rest. I was going from one to another on my knees, instructing and encouraging them. When I came to Myers he turned from the altar pole and leaned upon me, and I sat down on the ground so that I could more easily support him. His agony was intense, but brief, and presently he was happily converted. Concerning his final efforts and conversion I say in my diary: "O how beautiful it is to see the dead struggle into life!"

During our meeting here at Newton we

had the sacrament of the Lord's Supper administered to us at our preaching place in the woods where our meeting was being held, Sunday, August 16, after preaching by Brother Jones, the Methodist pastor formerly at Canton. It was another one of those occasions of which it is impossible to speak so as to do justice to it; it was lovely beyond description. I simply say in my diary: "The scene was solemn and sublime."

Our arrangements for preaching here were about the same that they were at Forest Station, though perhaps a little more elaborate, and we selected a densely shaded place on a creek some distance from camp. Where the mourners knelt by the altar poles we kept the ground well covered with green twigs cut from the limbs of bushes and trees to protect them from the ground as much as possible. These were made the more necessary on account of several rains that fell during the meeting, and they were renewed from time to time as necessity required.

We provided ourselves with a blowing horn here at the beginning of our meeting,

and appointed one of the soldiers to blow it as the signal for preaching, and found it a great convenience. My brother-in-law and messmate, W. Pike Cockrill, soon found a smaller and better-shaped horn which he finished up very nicely, inscribing upon it also the name of our Christian Association, and gave it to us. This we kept with great care, and used it to blow for all religious services, indicating thereby the time and place of the meeting. Its note soon became familiar throughout our entire encampment, and the object for which it was blown understood. It was not only used in connection with our stated services, but was also employed to call together congregations for worship when no previous announcement had been made, as when a preacher would come unexpectedly into camp and would consent to preach for us, or when we wanted a called meeting of the Christian Association, or a special prayer meeting, etc. The sound of the horn was the invitation to come together for worship at once, and at the place where the horn sounded. We put it in the keeping of Faris,

as President of our Association, and he generally had Pike Cockrill to blow it, which he did admirably. When the war closed Faris took this sacred war relic home with him, but, having left it with some one when he went to Virginia to complete his theological studies, it became misplaced, and he never could find it again. Long after the war ended he wanted to put it into my hands for some special reasons, but, to his surprise, it was not where he thought it was. I advertised for it several years ago, but have never been able to recover it. I still hope to find it. The finisher of it was my wife's brother, and with these fingers of mine with which I now write I closed his eyes in death at Culleoka, Tenn., March 8, 1884.

The ministers that helped in our Newton meetings were Brothers Cooper, Ross, Jones, and Griffin, of Mississippi; McInnis, of New Orleans; and McCutchon, chaplain of the Seventh Kentucky Regiment. All of them preached the pure gospel with soul-stirring earnestness, and did the listening soldiers incalculable good, though Brothers Ross and

Cooper, both Cumberland Presbyterians, preached oftenest. Brother Jones was with us August 14-18, and preached a number of times and exceedingly acceptably while with us. So well pleased was our regiment with him that, by a unanimous vote of the Christian Association after he left, and after consultation with Col. Goodwin, he was invited to become our chaplain. He took the matter under prayerful consideration, and was anxious to comply with our request, but he was under such obligations elsewhere that he could not serve us.

With Brother McCutcheon we had for some time been well acquainted, and he was dearly loved in our regiment, which he visited right often. The Seventh Kentucky Regiment was fortunate in having him for their chaplain, as he was in every way suited for the position. He adjusted himself to army life as easily as did any private soldier, and had a heart full of love for those whom he served in the gospel. A true man and minister he was in every sense; and his preaching and advices were always much apprecia-

ted and very profitable. He was a member of the Memphis Conference, Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

It was not thought best by the preachers conducting these meetings to offer an opportunity for Church membership to those who were converted, but they were advised to send their names to their home Churches for membership there, and to engage at once in Christian labors in the army. We had many accessions to our Christian Association, as one of the results of the meetings, and of those who were not members of our regiment as well as those who were; for we opened the doors of it to all soldiers who wished to join it, and could meet the conditions of membership.

CHAPTER XIII.

FROM Newton we went to Morton, where we remained until September 30, camping about two miles southwest of this place. The visiting preachers who had been so valuable to us in our religious meetings did not come with us here, but the revival services were continued by Brother McCutcheon, the only chaplain then in our brigade. There were two or three licensed preachers, with limited experience, among the soldiers, who rendered him what assistance they could, and the lay workers coöperated freely with him. The brigade preaching continued most of the time that we were at Morton, and the services held were all the more advantageous to us because, in the absence of the ministerial help that we had had, we were put to the necessity of leaning more entirely upon the Lord. Brother McCutcheon was a noble leader, and did splendid work for the Master,

but, after awhile, being overcome by weariness, he was put to the necessity of closing the series of meetings, which were begun at Forest Station nearly two months before.

When this meeting (which we called brigade preaching) closed religious services of one kind and another were held daily in the several regiments of the brigade, thus keeping aglow the revival fires which had been kindled so gloriously in our midst. At these regimental meetings, which were sometimes preaching services, though generally prayer and experience meetings, similar methods were employed in conducting them as had characterized our brigade services, and a goodly number of soldiers were converted.

Altogether, at the brigade and regimental services, there were many precious souls brought from nature's darkness into the marvelous light and liberty of God's people during our stay at Morton, besides the great comfort and encouragement that was afforded the Christian workers. There were also many mourners who, though not making an open profession of religion, gave evidence of

having entered upon newness of life in Christ Jesus.

While here at Morton we received a good supply of Bibles, Testaments, hymn books, and tracts, which had heretofore been ordered. The need of these we had felt very keenly for some time in carrying forward our religious undertakings, but they could not have reached us at a time that they would have been more appreciated, or that the soldiers would have been in a better frame of mind to have been profited by them. They came to a multitude of new converts to the religion of our Lord Jesus Christ, and to many more who were earnest inquirers after the truth, not to speak of the Christian workers who stood in need of an abundant supply of such utensils in performing their labors. To be sure, there were many of us who were never without our pocket Bibles, but there were many others who had none, having lost theirs or worn them out, if they brought them from their homes; but we stood in need of other religious literature besides the Bible, and especially did we have an ur-

gent need for a good supply of hymn books. What a mighty chorus of voices there was raised in songs of praises to our God by the soldiers when the hymn books were given out in the congregations!

Canton was our next stopping place, and here we spent most of the winter of 1863-64. To this place the revival went with us, and there abode, having its developments not only in the conversion of many other precious souls to Christ, and much reformation otherwise, but in establishing many new converts and older Christians in the fixed habits of laborers in the vineyard of the Lord. Our camp while in the vicinity of Canton was two and one-half miles southeast of that place, near a creek, and on very good ground.

At our daily prayer meetings here we made it a rule to call for mourners, laymen though we were, as we were about to close, and it was almost invariably the case that some came forward. With these we engaged in special prayer for a short while, and every now and then some of them were converted.

On October 9 several visiting preachers came into camp, among them Brothers Cooper and Harrington; and that night the former preached, and we began another series of revival services. We had already prepared us a brigade preaching place, with larger accommodations than those we had theretofore had, and built over it for shade a large bush arbor. All were ready to charge again the "citadels of sin" under the leadership of these excellent ministerial brethren, and the first service was an onward movement.

Brother Harrington preached the next morning, and Brother Cooper the next night. That was Saturday, and we had arranged for Brother Harrington to preach again Sunday morning, and Brother Cooper Sunday night. On Sunday morning, to our surprise, Elder Burns, upon invitation of Gen. Buford, came to preach to us, and we were a little afraid that some unpleasantness might grow out of the unexpected clashing of appointments; but Brother Burns, upon seeing that we had the meeting in hand and had made other arrangements, consented readily to our man-

agement of the meeting, and we arranged for him to preach that afternoon and several times afterward. There was nothing wrong in Gen. Buford's wanting his friend to preach to his brigade, but we smiled at the thought, and passed around a few pleasantries, that our brave commander should *presume* to make the appointment of a preacher to conduct religious services, which we of the "rank and file" had taken in hand. We knew, however, that he intended no disrespect to us by making the appointment, and we found his friend to be a very pleasant Christian gentleman.

The meeting went on joyfully and prosperously, mourners constantly crowding the altar place, and souls being converted from time to time. The altar workers were now like trained veterans, and left nothing undone which they could accomplish to set forward the spiritual interests of those who were crying to God for mercy. Not only so, but they urged those who were not seeking religion to begin at once to do so. In the midst of our meeting, while the visiting brethren were

with us, we were interrupted by having to go up to Grenada to turn back a Yankee raid, and also to go out in the direction of Livingston for the same purpose; but these expeditions did not cool off the revival fervor at all, and so we went on with our meetings as soon as we returned to camp. We had much to do, to be sure, besides attending religious meetings; but these things we did, and left not the others undone.

After Brothers Cooper and Harrington left others came to preach for us at times, though the services were more frequently altogether in the hands of laymen, some of whom exhibited no little preaching ability. Brother Coffey came to the brigade about the 1st of November to act as Chaplain of the Twenty-seventh Alabama Regiment, and a most excellent and faithful minister he was. Brother McCutcheon, our "old stand-by," was always in labors abundant, but he preferred that we use the visiting preachers as much as possible while their services were available, thus husbanding his strength and resources for occasions when no other help was at hand.

On and on, from day to day, we went with our meetings until our departure from Canton. They were always well attended, and although some of them were more interesting than others, they were all seasons of refreshing to us. When we had no preacher with us we conducted the service in the regular order of public worship generally, the leader reading a portion of Scripture and giving such explanation of it as he could, which answered in the place of a sermon, unless it was strictly a prayer meeting that we were holding. All along, also, we were very careful to remember and observe our Christian Association meetings, which blessed work grew among us constantly in interest and profit.

At the request of the pastor, I suppose, Brother McCutcheon held a meeting at the Methodist Church in Canton, November 15-27, which was participated in largely by the soldiers, though by many citizens also. Services were only held at night, and we arranged our meeting in camp during that time so that we could attend at both places.

It was an excellent meeting in every particular, and there were quite a number of conversions. During the meeting, Sunday, November 22, the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered at the morning service, after preaching by Brother Wheat, an army missionary. It is impossible to convey any idea of our appreciation of the blessed privilege of thus commemorating the sufferings and death of our precious Saviour in the army. Thank God for the opportunities that were afforded us for so doing!

While at Canton it got to be quite common for soldiers recently converted to be received by different preachers into the several Churches which they represented, those receiving baptism to whom it had not previously been administered. A large number connected themselves thus with Churches, and their names were sent home, whenever it could be done, to be entered on the Church registers there.

Faris and I formed several Bible classes while we were here, which we continued to conduct to the close of the war. We had no

commentaries nor other Scripture helps, but we made a very close study of chapter by chapter and verse by verse in an earnest, prayerful manner, and we felt that, by the help of the Holy Spirit, we learned much of the Word of God. We became more and more endeared to it as we engaged thus in the study of it, and experienced daily that it was indeed a lamp to our feet and light to our path while passing through the severe ordeals of fratricidal warfare.

We also enlarged our supply of religious literature while here: books, papers, tracts, etc., all of which was "greedily devoured" by the soldiers at large. We had no fears of religious publications not being read, our only apprehension being that the demand could not be supplied. The harvest which came from this sowing is only known to God, but was abundant, I am sure.

As the winter began to come on, and the weather became uncertain, we found that we must stop our brigade meetings or build a church to hold them in. The latter we did. It was a somewhat rude structure, built of

split logs and boards, and having a ground floor covered with straw, but it was sufficiently comfortable to answer our purposes, and was unquestionably a potent means of grace to us. I doubt if Solomon loved the house that he built at Jerusalem more than we loved the one that we built at Canton, nor do I suppose that the Lord honored the former with his presence more certainly than he did the latter. From that army house, as also from many other rude fixtures for meeting purposes, many souls started to heaven, a sufficient token of the divine pleasure resting upon such preparation as we could make to carry forward the ark of the Lord among soldiers engaged in active warfare.

Before leaving Canton our Christian Association underwent a change of name and reorganization. It had already virtually become a brigade association, others than those of our regiment having joined it, and so it was named *The First Christian Association of Buford's Brigade*. It was called "first" because no other brigade association had before this been formed, and it was thought

that others might be hereafter. A new Constitution was framed, and under it the reorganization was effected and officers elected January 6, 1864.

It had been our custom for some time not only to offer an opportunity for those to join the Association who wished to become members of it, at the close of our regular meetings, but also to call for volunteers to lead in such religious exercises as we conducted in the absence of a preacher, and these features became permanently attached to our brigade organization. I have preserved a copy of the Constitution framed at Canton, together with the names of many of the members and those who volunteered to lead in our religious meetings. These I will here put to record.

CONSTITUTION OF THE FIRST CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION OF BUFORD'S BRIGADE.

PREAMBLE.

Whereas the undersigned, professed followers of Christ and earnest inquirers after the truth, cut off as we are from such Church associations as are afforded for the

comfort and support of the more peaceful dwellers at home, realizing the want of some organization to assist us in the worship of God, that we may be established in his most holy faith, rooted and grounded in his love, and grow in the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ; and for the purpose of developing and giving higher tone to the moral and religious sentiments of those with whom the fortunes of war associate us, do hereby adopt the following Constitution:

ARTICLE I.

Section 1. The name of the association shall be *The First Christian Association of Buford's Brigade.*

Sec. 2. The stated meetings of this Association shall be held every Wednesday night when practicable, and at such other times as the President shall deem necessary to call it together, all such meetings to be opened with reading the Scriptures, singing, and prayer.

Sec. 3. The officers of this Association shall consist of one President, four Vice Presidents, one Recording Secretary, one Assist-

ant Recording Secretary, one Corresponding Secretary, and one Librarian, to be elected every three months, and holding their positions until their successors shall be elected.

Sec. 4. The mode of electing officers shall be by ballot, and no person shall be declared elected unless he receive a majority of all the votes cast.

Sec. 5. It shall be the duty of the President to preside at all meetings of the Association, appoint committees, and select suitable persons to conduct the religious exercises of the Association.

Sec. 6. It shall be the duty of the Vice Presidents to give the President such aid as he may require in the discharge of his duties, and to preside in his absence.

Sec. 7. It shall be the duty of the Recording Secretary to keep a faithful record of the Constitution and By-Laws of this Association in a book furnished him for that purpose, and he shall record therein also the minutes of each meeting after they shall have been adopted by the Association.

Sec. 8. At each meeting the Recording

Secretary shall read the minutes of the last preceding meeting, and the Constitution and By-laws shall be read to the members once every month.

Sec. 9. It shall be the duty of the Assistant Recording Secretary to assist the Recording Secretary in the discharge of his duties.

Sec. 10. It shall be the duty of the Corresponding Secretary to conduct the correspondence of the Association, and preserve files of the same.

Sec. 11. It shall be the duty of the Librarian to keep all books and archives of the Association.

Sec. 12. It shall be the duty of the President and Vice Presidents at the close of their terms of office to submit a joint written report of the progress and true condition of the Association, and make such recommendations for its welfare as they may deem proper, which report, if adopted, shall be preserved in the archives of the Association for future reference.

ARTICLE II.

Section 1. No person shall be a suitable

candidate for admission into the Association unless he be a professed follower of Christ or an earnest inquirer after the truth, to be evinced by a pious walk and godly conversation.

Sec. 2. To preserve harmony and good feeling, the discussion of, or giving prominence to, what are known as controversial subjects in conducting any of the exercises of the Association shall be carefully avoided.

ARTICLE III.

Section 1. When a member of the Association shall have been guilty of drunkenness, profane swearing, or other sin, or is wandering from the path of duty, it shall be the duty of the President to visit such member and duly admonish him of his fault, and, by kind entreaty, endeavor to persuade him to repent of his evil conduct and retrace his steps.

Sec. 2. If an erring member has been visited, admonished, and entreated in a proper manner, and he manifests no signs of repentance, but persists in his sinful course, it shall be the duty of the President to bring the

case before the Association for trial, which, after investigation, may acquit, reprimand, suspend, or expel, as the case may demand.

Sec. 3. In the trial of a member the President shall preside as judge in the case, and decide points of law and evidence, and see justice done to both the parties in the trial.

Sec. 4. The President shall appoint a suitable member to present the evidence and conduct the case on the part of the Association when it has a member before it for trial.

Sec. 5. After all the evidence for and against the accused member is introduced, and discussion is closed, a verdict shall be rendered by all the members of the Association present at the time, and a two-thirds vote shall be required for conviction.

PROFESSORS OF RELIGION.

NAME.	Rank.	Co.	Regiment.
Faris, B. M.	Second Lt.	B	Thirty-fifth Alabama.
Goodloe, A. T. . .	First Lt. . .	D	Thirty-fifth Alabama.
Lemay, W.	Sergeant. .	H	Thirty-fifth Alabama.
Aldridge, W. H. .	Second Lt.	C	Thirty-fifth Alabama.
Pettus, T. J. . . .	Corporal. .	D	Thirty-fifth Alabama.
Sandlin, J. W. . .	Corporal. .	C	Thirty-fifth Alabama.
Williams, J. B. . .	Sergeant. .	F	Thirty-fifth Alabama.
Lewis, W. N. . . .	Second Lt.	G	Thirty-fifth Alabama.

NAME.	Rank. •	Co.	Regiment.
McElea, J. A . . .	Private . . .	A	Thirty-fifth Alabama.
Hudgins, J. W..	Private . . .	D	Thirty-fifth Alabama.
Stewart, S. D... First Lt . .	First Lt . .	B	Thirty-fifth Alabama.
Patton, J. B.....	First Lt . .	I	Thirty-fifth Alabama.
Moran, J. W....	Private . . .	C	Thirty-fifth Alabama.
Martin, J. N....	Captain... .	D	Thirty-fifth Alabama.
O'Bryant, W. J.	Private . . .	I	Thirty-fifth Alabama.
Price, J. H.....	Corporal..	A	Thirty-fifth Alabama.
Nix, B..... . . .	Private. . .	C	Thirty-fifth Alabama.
Craig, W.	Sergeant..	C	Thirty-fifth Alabama.
Penick, J.	Private. . .	H	Thirty-fifth Alabama.
Whitfield, W. G.	Sergeant..	D	Thirty-fifth Alabama.
Myers, W.	Private. . .	H	Thirty-fifth Alabama.
Rawhuff, J. W..	Private. . .	B	Thirty-fifth Alabama.
Stout, W. E....	Private. . .	K	Thirty-fifth Alabama.
Cameron, R. N..	Private. . .	B	Thirty-fifth Alabama.
Stanley, E. J....	Private. . .	H	Thirty-fifth Alabama.
Peebles, T. W... Sergeant .	Sergeant .	B	Thirty-fifth Alabama.
Harman, J. W..	Corporal..	B	Thirty-fifth Alabama.
King, G. W.....	Private. . .	A	Thirty-fifth Alabama.
Hargrove, W. T.	Sergeant..	G	Thirty-fifth Alabama.
Roberts, M. Z... Sergeant..	Sergeant..	D	Thirty-fifth Alabama.
Williams, J.....	Private. . .	A	Thirty-fifth Alabama.
McElea, W. H..	Private. . .	A	Thirty-fifth Alabama.
Hawks, W. J....	Private. . .	F	Ninth Arkansas.
Ethridge, N. B..	Private. . .	D	Ninth Arkansas.
Morris, W. W... Private. . .	Private. . .	F	Ninth Arkansas.
Meadows, R. B..	Private. . .	G	Thirty-fifth Alabama.
Finch, B. E.....	Private. . .	B	Thirty-fifth Alabama.
Trimble, L. A... Corporal .	Corporal .	G	Ninth Arkansas.
Terry, H. M....	Private. . .	G	Ninth Arkansas.
Harrison, J. F... Private. . .	Private. . .	G	Ninth Arkansas.
Still, V. B.....	Private.	Third Kentucky.
McHenry, T. D.	Private. . .	G	Ninth Arkansas.
Sims, J. M.....	Private. . .	K	Ninth Arkansas.
Piterline, W. L... Private. . .	Private. . .	B	Third Kentucky.
Hawruck, J. M..	Private.	Ninth Arkansas.
Johnson, J. F... Private. . .	Private. . .	G	Ninth Arkansas.

NAME.	Rank.	Co.	Regiment.
Hargrove, W. S.	Private ...	G	Thirty-fifth Alabama.
Pierce, J. M.	Sergeant .	C	Ninth Arkansas.
West, J. W.	Captain. ...	G	Thirty-fifth Alabama.
McClelland, J. M.	Sergeant .	..	Seventh Kentucky.
Lankford, W. ...	Private	Seventh Kentucky.
Stinson, D.	Private	Ninth Arkansas.
Monroe, S.	Private	Third Kentucky.
Rochelle, J.	Private ...	G	Thirty-fifth Alabama.
Carlock, T. W. ...	First Lt ..	H	Thirty-fifth Alabama.
Baker, Billy	Sgt. Major	B	Thirty-fifth Alabama.
Phifer, W. L.	Captain. ...	G	Ninth Arkansas.
Mahon, P. B.	Private	Seventh Kentucky.
Jones, R. E. P. ..	Private ...	D	Ninth Arkansas.
Nabers, J. H.	Private ...	G	Ninth Arkansas.
Pettus, W. D.	Private ...	D	Thirty-fifth Alabama.
Ponder, J. W.	Sergeant .	C	Thirty-fifth Alabama.
Lyle, Thos.	Second Lt.	K	Thirty-fifth Alabama.
Stacy, B. F.	Private	Seventh Kentucky.
Asbell, A. S.	Private	Seventh Kentucky.
Smith, R.	Private	Fifty-sixth Alabama.
Bynum, — ...	First Lt	Third Kentucky.
Beal, W. J.	Private	Third Kentucky.
Black, A. D.	Private ...	D	Ninth Arkansas.
Barns, G. W.	Private	Ninth Arkansas.
Brown, N. J.	Private	Ninth Arkansas.
McCone, W. J. ...	Private ...	G	Ninth Arkansas.
Clark, A. F.	Private ...	F	Ninth Arkansas.
Hall, L. E.	Private	Fifty-fourth Alabama.
Davidson, J. H. ..	Private	Fifty-fourth Alabama.
Brinley, — ...	Lieut.	Fifty-fourth Alabama.
Rhea, W. J.	Private ...	C	Thirty-fifth Alabama.
Kenny, H. J.	Private ...	E	Thirty-fifth Alabama.
Millsaps, R. W. ..	Captain. ...	A	Ninth Arkansas.
Hightower, W. A.	Private	Fifty-fourth Alabama.
Mitchell, W.	Private	Fifty-fifth Alabama.
Pennington, R. H.	Private	Fifty-fifth Alabama.
Bratton, J.	Private	Ninth Arkansas.
Black, A. D.	Lieut.	G	Ninth Arkansas.

NAME.	Rank.	Co.	Regiment.
Odom, E. M.	Private ...	D	Thirty-fifth Alabama.
Howard, J. W. ...	Private ...	A	Ninth Arkansas.
Black, J. O.	Private	Fifty-fourth Alabama.
Kelly, S.	Private	Fifty-fourth Alabama.
Rice, B. C.	Private ...	F	Ninth Arkansas.
Scriber, R. S.	Private ...	K	Ninth Arkansas.
Smith, D.	Private	Fifty-fifth Alabama.
Gilmore, J. B. ...	Private	Fifty-fourth Alabama.
Fite, J. G.	Sergeant. .	G	Ninth Arkansas.
Olds, W.	Private ...	B	Thirty-fifth Alabama.
Nunn, J. E.	Fifth S'g't.	D	Thirty-fifth Alabama.
Hammack, J.	Corporal .	F	Ninth Arkansas.
Parker, R. F.	Private	Ninth Arkansas.
Harper, R. H.	Private ...	G	Ninth Arkansas.
Askew, M. W. ...	Private ...	A	Thirty-fifth Alabama.
Kellogg, H. E. ...	Third Lt. .	D	Thirty-fifth Alabama.
Baskin, S. C.	Corporal .	G	Ninth Arkansas.
Turrentine, J. J. .	First Lt .	B	Fifty-fourth Alabama.
Bennett, W. M. .	Private ...	G	Ninth Arkansas.
Hutton, J. T.	Private ...	I	Thirty-fifth Alabama.
Wheeler, R.	Corporal .	B	Thirty-fifth Alabama.
Fallen, H. C.	First Lt .	A	Ninth Arkansas.
Evans, A. F.	First Lt .	G	Thirty-fifth Alabama.
Scott, W. A.	Private	Fifty-fourth Alabama.
Crouse, W. D.	Private	Fifty-fourth Alabama.
Howard, — ...	Private ...	A	Ninth Arkansas.
Bennard, J. S. ...	Private	Fifty-fourth Alabama.
Higgins, W. H. .	Private	Fifty-fourth Alabama.
Beckham, W. M. .	Second Lt.	G	Thirty-fifth Alabama.
Livingston, —	Fifty-fourth Alabama.

SEEKERS OF RELIGION.

Wright, P. W. ...	Sergeant .	I	Thirty-fifth Alabama.
Crutcher, A. B. .	Second Lt.	D	Thirty-fifth Alabama.
Brown, J. E.	Private ...	B	Thirty-fifth Alabama.
Hayney, W. I. ...	Corporal .	H	Thirty-fifth Alabama.
Colbert, G. G. ...	Private ...	G	Ninth Arkansas.

NAME.	Rank.	Co.	Regiment.
Cooper, S. D. . . .	Private	Third Kentucky.
Martin, J. L. . . .	Private . . .	D	Thirty-fifth Alabama.
Meadows, T. H. . .	Private . . .	G	Thirty-fifth Alabama.
Posey, J. M.	Private . . .	A	Thirty-fifth Alabama.
Cargill, E. A. . . .	Private	Third Kentucky.
Beavers, W. C. . .	Private	Twenty-seventh Ala.
Befford, J. P. . . .	Private	Fifty-fourth Alabama.
Jones, W.	Private . . .	G	Ninth Arkansas.
Moss, J. C.	Private . . .	A	Ninth Arkansas.
Yount, D. C. . . .	Private . . .	K	Ninth Arkansas.
Morris, Z. T.	Private	Ninth Arkansas.
Haws, J. N.	Private	Fifty-fourth Alabama.
Chapman, L. P. . .	Private	Twenty-seventh Ala.
Bates, D. B.	Private	Ninth Arkansas.
Wilburn, E. M. . .	Private	Fifty-fifth Alabama.
Wills, J.	Private	Ninth Arkansas.
Flynn, J. F.	Private.	Fifty-fourth Alabama.
Robertson, N. T. .	Private. . .	D	Thirty-fifth Alabama.
Friend, D. B. . . .	Private. . .	B	Thirty-fifth Alabama.
Mosely, A. W. . . .	Private. . .	B	Thirty-fifth Alabama.

The officers elected at the time of the reorganization were: President, B. M. Faris; First Vice President, R. W. Millsaps; Second Vice President, J. W. West; Third Vice President, A. F. Evans; Fourth Vice President, J. E. Nunn; Recording Secretary, W. L. Phifer; Assistant Recording Secretary, H. E. Kellogg; Corresponding Secretary, A. T. Goodloe; Librarian, W. G. Whitfield.

The following is a list of those who volun-

teered, while at Canton, to conduct divine worship at our various religious meetings in the absence of a minister of the gospel: B. M. Faris, A. T. Goodloe, A. F. Clark, — Livingston, J. M. Pearce, E. M. Odom, J. W. West, J. E. Nunn, H. M. Terry, N. B. Ethridge, R. F. Parker, J. F. Harrison, L. E. Hall, J. N. Sandlin, J. Hammock, L. A. Terry, S. Skelley, W. Myers, W. W. Morris, A. F. Evans, J. H. Davidson, W. G. Whitfield, W. T. Hargrove.

My two Bible Classes, organized in our regiment, were:

Bible Class No. 1.—James L. Martin, William D. Pettus, A. B. Crutcher, H. E. Kellogg, J. N. Martin, John A. Hurn, Samuel R. Lewis, William G. Whitfield, W. Pike Cockrill, M. K. McCarty, T. J. Nale, W. J. Thomason, B. Patterson, D. M. Allen, H. H. Thompson, Abe H. Huddleston, B. F. Camper, J. M. Winfrey, B. F. Wilmore, F. V. Johnson, Samuel G. Peete, Stephen Giles, W. M. Kinney, E. M. Odom, J. E. Nunn, Y. P. Newman, Robert E. Wiggins.

Bible Class No. 2.—J. M. Gray, R. C.

Hafley, R. B. Meadows, J. J. Williams, D. R. Barksdale, J. S. Starkey, W. J. Ponder, J. D. Mitchell, W. H. Foote, W. V. Aldridge, M. W. Askew, M. S. Darnel, J. W. West, J. W. Sandlin, J. W. Lemay, W. Myers.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE roll of members of the Christian Association which I preserved is the one that was made out at Canton when the regimental was merged into the brigade Association, and does not embrace the names of former members, except such as were present when the change was made. Many of the old members were not with the regiment then, some having fallen in battle, or been disabled by wounds and sickness, for duty; while there were those who were off on a furlough, and others who had transferred to other commands. Nor is the list of volunteers to lead in our religious meetings a complete one, so far as relates to some who had previous to the reorganization been active workers, but were not present then to have their names reëntered. How many members there were in our Association from first to last, and how many engaged to conduct wor-

ship, cannot with certainty be stated; but the lists, especially the roll of members, which I have given could be much lengthened if we could gather up the names of those who were our comrades in the work and worship of Christ.

We were never troubled with denominationalism to any serious extent at any time, in connection with our religious work, but a preacher was with us a short while at Canton who, many of us feared, would give us trouble in this direction, as he exhibited a decided disposition to magnify the peculiar dogmas of his Church. There were no divisions created among us, however. Sometimes in social conversation we would speak of the lines of demarcation between the Churches, but never in a spirit of controversy. It was generally done to gain information, or for some other innocent purpose. In connection with this matter a pleasant incident occurred in my hut at Canton. Evans, Faris, Whitfield, and I were in conversation. Evans was a Cumberland Presbyterian; Faris, a Presbyterian; Whitfield, a Baptist; and

I, a Methodist. Evans, apologetically, introduced the subject of falling from grace, for the purpose of ascertaining what scripture and argument supported each one of us in the positions which we held. Of course we made him speak first; and he told us why he believed apostasy impossible. Whitfield spoke next, and expressed himself about as Evans did. Faris, always modest, insisted that he be the last speaker, and so it was now my time to give a reason for my faith in regard to this dogma; but, instead of doing so, I moved that we use all diligence to make our calling and election sure, that we labor in the vineyard of the Lord with ever increasing earnestness, and that we make no effort to lose our religion in order to test the possibility of such a thing. Faris seconded the motion with a gusto, and it was unanimously carried in the same style.

Although the visiting preachers who came at times into camp did us much good, we felt constantly the need of a chaplain to abide in our midst, take the general oversight, at least of our meetings, and perform various

pastoral functions among the soldiers. We were constantly on the lookout for some one suited to the position, but could never get a successor to our dear Brother Wilson. November 14, 1863, I wrote to the *Southern Christian Advocate* on this subject in part, and as a relic of those days, I will here give the communication in full.

“FROM GEN. BUFORD’S BRIGADE.

“*Mr. Editor:* I have not been as prompt as I ought to have been in returning thanks for the several packages of *Advocates* that I have lately received for distribution in this brigade. It is a fact long since demonstrated that religious newspapers are read with more avidity by soldiers than any other form or character of reading matter, though in this brigade at present, there is an almost universal thirst for religious reading in whatever form it can be obtained. We have procured a small library for our Christian Association, and the books are anxiously sought and read by both saint and sinner.

“A revival of religion commenced in this

brigade the early part of August, and by the grace of God it still continues with increasing interest. After a protracted meeting of several weeks, the visiting preachers all left, having remained as long as they could with us. Being filled with the love of God, and feeling deep anxiety for the success of his cause among our fellow-soldiers, a few of us began a prayer meeting, which we held every night by the light of pine torches placed on scaffolds. In a short while the prayer meeting became a brigade institution. Now, whenever we move the first thing that is attended to when we stop is to "fix up a meeting place," and it would do your heart good to see the number of volunteers we have for this kind of work. Here we have a capacious arbor and seats enough under it to accommodate the large congregations that assemble almost every night. Now and then a minister of the gospel comes along and preaches to us, and they invariably express their gratification at having such large and attentive audiences. I wish I were able to inform you of the number of conversions

that have taken place. The more noticeable feature connected with this revival is the great moral revolution that has taken place in our brigade, there being no gambling scenes now witnessed, such as were once seen in some places. There are two chaplains in the brigade (composed now of nine regiments), and it has so happened here that the two regiments to which they belong are camped so far off from our meeting place that the men cannot conveniently attend the brigade meetings; and the chaplains, feeling that they owe their first duties to their respective regiments, do not come often to preach to us; but Brother McCutcheon, of the Seventh Kentucky Regiment, comes over as often as he can get off from his men without causing them to grumble at him. He is the most faithful laborer I have ever seen in the army, and it is, to a great extent, due to his labors that the reformation has taken place in our brigade. He has the confidence and esteem of every man, and whenever it is announced that 'Brother Mc.' is going to preach to us the 'boys' come

flocking to hear him. O for a few more such men in this department!

“We have been trying to get a chaplain for our regiment (Thirty-fifth Alabama), but can find no man qualified for the position who will accept it. We want a man of deep piety, hard sense, not easily offended, that can sleep on the ground, and eat blue beef and corn bread.

“I am convinced that the ministers of our Church are not all doing their whole duty in this war. Claiming to be peculiarly identified with the South, no Southern Methodist preacher ought to shrink from any hardship and privation in our war for Southern independence. The law allows preachers the privilege of performing clerical duties wherever their inclinations may lead them, and I am sorry to say that the inclinations of some are leading them to places of ease and comfort. The harvest here is ripe and abundant, but the laborers are few. A few faithful laborers could enter the work and have scores of souls for their hire. I must not neglect to mention the names of Broth-

ers Ross, Cooper, Jones, Davis, and McClelland, who labored with great effect at the commencement of this remarkable revival; also Brothers McInnis, Griffin, Burns, Harrington, Ward, Coffey, and Lee, who have paid us passing visits, and pointed sinners to the 'Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world.' "

I wrote what were then my convictions in regard to more of our preachers entering the army as chaplains, though I possibly did not have in mind the fact that many of them were in the fighting department, and that the home folks stood in greater need of their services, perhaps, than we did. The publication of this communication was the occasion of many letters of inquiry from the preachers being written to me, but the way seemed not to be open to any of them to fill the vacancy in our regiment.

Our first stopping place after we left Canton was Demopolis, Ala., where we were in camp a short while in February, 1864. Here our daily religious services were altogether delightful, though there were no

special revival efforts put forth, albeit the revival fires were still burning brightly in our hearts and in our midst. At the meeting of the Christian Association here I had the pleasure of reading communications to us from Bishop Paine and Rev. Thomas O. Summers, D.D., of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, commending us for our labors in Christ Jesus, and encouraging us to still abound therein. These letters were as cordial to our souls, and with a rising vote we unanimously and heartily thanked the authors for writing them.

Near Newburg, North Alabama, the Twenty-seventh and Thirty-fifth Alabama Regiments camped April 1-10, 1864, and here we had some very precious meetings in a church close by. Brothers F. S. Petway and J. D. Barbee preached several times here for us acceptably and effectively, besides other religious services that we held in the church. The work of grace moved on, though there are no conversions at this place noted in my diary.

These two regiments were at Courtland

April 16-27, and here we had daily services in the church, having the ministrations of Revs. Joseph White and Felix R. Hill, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and Coffey, of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. The meeting was characterized by great religious fervor and revival power. Many penitents were at the altar of prayer, and nearly twenty souls were converted. The tide of rejoicing ran high, and our religious gladness was unrestrained. In the midst of the meeting, April 27, we received marching orders, and left at noon. I say in my diary: "We part with the good people of Courtland with many tears."

While our army was on the "Kennesaw line" in Georgia in the summer of 1864, though in the trenches pretty much all the time, we managed to find frequent opportunities for assembling for divine worship, though generally the enemy, from a distance, would be firing at us with their long-range cannons and rifles. We would hear the noise of their passing shot and shell, but none of them ever fell among us while we

were engaged in worship. They were generally prayer meetings that we had while here, though occasionally a minister would drop in with us and preach for us. Rev. Robert A. Wilson, our old chaplain, surprised and delighted us with a visit July 1, 2, and preached to large and attentive audiences both those days. He would have remained longer had not orders reached us, the last evening he was with us, to be ready to move at a moment's notice. His presence gladdened all our hearts, and he expressed great joy at seeing the religious interest, which he had formerly done so much to promote, still being actively maintained in our command.

After leaving Kennesaw we made a brief stand north of the Chattahoochee River, and then crossed over this stream to a strong position "in front of Atlanta." Before settling down in this position we lingered for awhile above it, there seeming to be an imminent probability of an open field engagement with the enemy. During this interval, so to speak, our regiment was close to the Forty-

ninth Alabama, in which a meeting was conducted by a preacher named Hullet, of the Baptist Church, I think. All who could from our regiment attended these services, which were characterized by convicting and converting grace. There were quite a number of conversions and accessions to the Church; and although these men got religion under fire, so to speak, they nevertheless gave sure evidence that it was the "old time religion" that they had.

It will be remembered that we were in those days in the midst of as active military operations as Gen. Sherman with his 100,000 invaders could make them, as onward he constantly came, bending all his energies and using his mightiest efforts to overwhelm our gallant, resisting force of less than half the number of men. It was incessant warfare in its most violent and gigantic forms in which we were then engaged, but the worship of God was maintained in one form or another with unabating constancy and zeal. As I look, at this remote day from those trying and bloody times, into my diary

my heart is greatly touched with the notes that I then made, and I feel like praising God in loftiest strains for the blessed privileges he then afforded us of honoring his name and laboring for the salvation of our fellow-soldiers, and for the limitless benedictions which were bestowed upon us from on high. While persistently confronting the foes of our country, we with none the less determination withstood, by divine grace, the encroachment of the adversary of souls. In this connection I will here give a few personal items from my army diary:

Sunday, July 17, was "clear and pleasant." "In the morning I met and heard my Bible class, after which I attended preaching in the Forty-ninth Alabama Regiment by Brother Hullet. In the afternoon we had a good prayer meeting in our regiment conducted by Lieut. Evans. At night I went to preaching again in the Forty-ninth Alabama Regiment, and witnessed the reception of several men into the Church. The Lord is greatly blessing us."

"July 20. Generally clear. This morn-

ing I met my Bible class as usual, and had a good time studying the Scriptures. At 12 o'clock we are called to 'attention,' move some distance to the right, and then go forward into battle—the battle of Peach Tree Creek."

"July 28. Clear and warm. We have been prevented by heavy fatigue and picket duty for several days from attending to religious services in the regiment. I heard my Bible class this morning, which was an interesting and profitable occasion to us all. At noon we move to the left where a battle was begun, to support the front line of attack, and are subjected to heavy fire, losing several of our men. We remain on the field till midnight, bringing off the wounded from between our lines and those of the enemy, and then move back to a new position on the left."

Had I fallen in either one of these battles, I would have gone from the delightful study of God's most precious word with my dear comrades in arms into his immediate and blissful presence on high; and it is joyful

to my soul to-day to contemplate the fact that I was thus engaged on the eve of battle, albeit I knew not that the deadly strife would the same day set in as the sun began to lean westward. "Be ye therefore ready also: for the Son of man cometh at an hour when ye think not."

Several new positions were taken the last days of July and early in August to defeat, as far as possible, Sherman's flanking movements, but each day we had preaching and prayer meeting and Bible studies. August 10-17 the revival fires burned exceedingly brightly; large numbers of penitents sought religion at our rude altars of prayer, most of whom were converted, and Christians exulted in the Lord with ever freshening joys. Speaking of myself, I say in my diary of August 16: "My soul is greatly blessed." In this series of services we had the ministrations of Revs. Coffey, Cooper, Frazier, Davis, S. M. Cherry, Given, and King.

After Hood evacuated Atlanta and began his self-destructive Tennessee campaign, no opportunities were afforded for revival meet-

ings until the few fragments that were left of his army were in North Carolina, though the prayer meetings were held from time to time as our situation would allow. In the latter part of March, 1865, there was a decided, though not very general revival meeting in camp. Quite a number of mourners were at the altar, and there were several conversions. This is the last revival that I noted in my diary, and the last one with which I was connected. Then the surrender was virtually at hand.

Verily there is such a thing as religion among soldiers who go to war in defense of such principles as those for which we fought!

I close the record of these relics at 10 o'clock, Friday morning, May 6, 1892, having gathered them together during the leisure moments that I have had the last three and a half months, and those principles which moved me to take up arms in their defense over thirty years ago, are as dear to me to-day as they were then; the men, also, with whom I withstood Lincoln's invading col-

umns have my boundless love and admiration, except such as have made, since then, shipwreck of their principles, and gone into the camp of Southern haters. The cause for which we contended was lost, which we all candidly confess, but never for one moment since our final defeat have I felt the slightest inclination to change my views on the issues which culminated in the war; and, for the sake of my old comrades, I would never let it be known if I were really to honestly undergo a change of mind with reference to these matters.

Concerning the war, my only regret is that I was not a more valiant and laborious soldier than I was, and that I had not the privilege of being with my regiment in every battle that they helped to fight. I was generally with my men in these scenes of blood and carnage, but was detained in Vicksburg in charge of a sick camp when they went to Baton Rouge, and was made Adjutant of the Posts at Cherokee and Barton, under Col. McAlexander, by Gen. Hood as he was about to cross the Tennessee River on his way to

Nashville. These two expeditions, in the providence of God, I missed, though I had no thought that such would be the case until, on their very eve, orders came to me from headquarters detaining me for these unexpected duties. The soldier whom, of all others, I most highly regard and honor, is the one who, with gun in hand, answered at every roll call of his company, marched on every march, did fatigue duty at every turn, and fought in every battle. Well done, good and faithful soldier!

There lives not to-day an ex-Confederate soldier, whatever may now be his manner of life, that has not my most respectful regards and affection if he but still maintains his devotion to the freedom for which he bared his breast to Yankee bullets during the dark days of 1861-1865. If there are any who are now leading immoral or unrighteous lives, or who are engaged in degrading pursuits, I am nevertheless interested in them for what they have done and for the Southernism that abides in their hearts; and I hold myself ever in readiness now, as I did when

we marched, bivouacked, and fought together under the banners of our short-lived, but glorious Confederacy, to pray for them and lend them a helping hand to Christ and lives of piety.

Finally, let it ever be borne in mind that the secession of the Southern States was, on their part, made a necessity by the threatening attitude toward them of the dominant party of the North, and that we were in no sense responsible for the war being begun. Abraham Lincoln, the chosen leader of the South-hating Abolition party, and accidentally made President by a minority of the voters of the United States, advertised his belligerent longings in his inaugural address. Soon afterward he exhibited his bloodthirsty propensity by arranging to reënforce Fort Sumter, and then, failing in this undertaking, calling for seventy-five thousand men to invade and subjugate the South. Thus did he, by his own overt act of violence, bring on the war; and at a time, too, when, through Mr. Seward, his Secretary of State, he was giving assurance to Justice Campbell that Fort

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Sumter would not only not be reënforced, but that it would be evacuated at a very early day—right away.

Peace Commissioners from the South, and conservative patriots from North and South were urging upon him a pacific policy, but their counsels were as naught to him, so bent was he upon crushing by force of arms the people of the South who regarded his election as a menace to their constitutional liberties.

As to the question of state sovereignty, suppose that we were mistaken in our views of it, which is by no means admitted, was it worth all the desolation and suffering and carnage that were involved in the war which he precipitated to establish a different theory?

THE END.



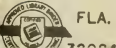




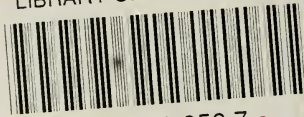


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